Ovid Travestie,

A

BURLESQUE

UPON

Ovid's Epistles.

Ovidius Naso (P.) K

The FOURTH EDITION.

BY

Captain *Alexander Radcliffe*, of *Grays-Inn.*

LONDON,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

ROBERT FAIRBEARD

OF

GRAYS-INN, *Esquire.*

SIR,

HAving committed these Epistles to the Press, I was horribly put to't for a Patron: I thought of some great Lord, or some Angelick Lady; but then again consider'd I should never be able to adorn my Dedication with benign Beams, coruscant Rays, and the Devil and all

of Influence. At last I heard my good Friend Mr. Fairbeard *was come to Town---nay then all's well enough. To you therefore I offer this English* Ovid, *to whom you may not be unaptly Compar'd in several Parcels of your Life and Conversation; only with this Exception, That you have nothing of his* Tristibus *you.*

'Tis you who Burlesque all the Foppery and conceited Gravity of the Age. I remember you once told a grave affected Advocate, That he Burlesqu'd God's Image, for God had made him after his own Likeness, but he made himself look like an Ass.

Upon the whole Matter I am very well satisfy'd in my Choice of

you

you for my Judge; if you speak well of the Book, 'tis all I desire, and the Bookseller *will have reason to rejoice: tho' by your Approbation you may draw upon your self a grand Inconvenience; for perhaps you may too often have Songs, Sonnets, Madrigals, and an innumerable Army of Stanza's obtruded upon you by*

Sir,

Octob, 28*th*. 1680

Your humble Servant,
Your humble Servant

Alex. Radcliffe.

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TO THE READER.

Occasion'd by the PREFACE

To a late Book call'd

The WITS Paraphras'd.

BEfore I ſhall give you any Account of our Old Friend *Ovid*, or of his *Life*, I am to inform you, that his *Epiſtles* have been ingeniouſly and correctly tranſlated by ſeveral Gentlemen; and withal, that he was of a good Family, and a brave Fellow was he.

Now, ſince the unhappy Accident of his Death, his Ghoſt has been lately attempted to be rais'd by an unlucky *Pretender* to *Poetry*, who indeed hath not Skill enough to diſturb his Manes; He calls his Book, *The Wits Paraphras'd*, or, *Paraphraſe upon Paraphraſe*, that is, *Throw Pelion upon Oſſa, Oſſa upon Pelion, and away with it.* This Book he has dedicated to his Patron *Julian*, Secretary to the Muſes, in hopes that he may get and Under-Writer's Place ſomewhere about *Pernaſſus*: But alas! how can he ever hope for Preferment, when he has blaſphem'd the beſt *Poet* of our Age, by miſtaking *Innocence* for *Ignorance*: I wiſh to God the laſt may not riſe up in Judgment againſt him. He (good Soul) is (as appears in his Epiſtle to his Patron) for none of your high Flights; but, like and humble Sinner in ſtrict Diet, makes all his *Similies* of *Clooſe-Stools* with *Velvet-Seats*, and *Pans* that receive the Excrement. God ſave us: What are we when we are left to our ſelves.

Now

Now for his *Preface*, he would imitate that ingenious one of Mr. *Dryden*'s to *Ovid*'s *Epiſtles*, in beginning with *Ovid*'s Life, which hath been wrote by as many Men as there are *Lives* in *Plutarch*. And again, our *Paraphraſer* ſays, That *Ovid* was as good a Wit as Himſelf, or any other Tranſlator; and, to prove that, he ſays, *Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit*, &c. He might as aptly have ſaid,

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret.

Then he ſays, That he could find no ſuch thing as *Clubbing* with *Ovid* in all the Catalogue of *Virgil*, *Catullus*, *Propertius* or *Tibullus*: Very truly ſaid; for I ſuppoſe he knows nothing farther of thoſe Authors than the Catalogue.

Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!
The more the merrier!

He wonders that ſo many Workmen ſhould put their Shreds and Thrums together to dreſs *Ovid* in a *Buffoon*'s Coat! why a ſilly Quaker, in plain *Taunton* Serge, thinks a Scarlet Coat embroider'd to be the *Old Serpent*.

He queſtions not but that there are more Fools in the World of his Opinion. (The true Queſtion is, whether he is not ſingle!)

Then he affirms, that, in his own ſimple naked Shape, he comes nearer the Original, than the beſt of 'em; when in *Sapho* to *Phaon* he begins at the ſixth Diſtich, *Arva Phaon celebrat*, &c. and goes back to the fifth, *Uror ut in Domitis*, &c. leaving out the eight Verſes preceding, by which you may eaſily gueſs that he had no other Authority for his *Paraphraſe* (as he calls it) than the Tranſlation: 'Tis ſomething ſtrange, that neither *Ovid* himſelf, nor Nineteen Judicious Tranſlators, can give this Gentleman the leaſt Hint or Light into *Publius Ovidius Naſo*'s Meaning.

Quo

Quo te mori pedes?——

Now on a ſudden he's ſtarted from Poetry, and is poſſeſt with the Spirit of ſublunary Wealth, and wiſhes with all his Heart that he were as Rich as a *M.* or a *C.* then would he quit all his Title to *Parnaſſus*, and engage never to write, oh, never to write any more; that is to ſay, he'd be ſo unconſcionable as to have a good Eſtate for nothing:

God proſper long our Noble King——

Now, as he ſays, the late Tranſlators have already clipp'd the Original, and why ſhould not he clip too: whereas my Fear is, he hath clipp'd *Ovid* ſo cloſe that it will hardly go:

When firſt King Henry, *&c.*

I believe no Book hath had ſeverer Uſage than our *Paraphraſer*'s; for ſays he, it was hurry'd into the Preſs before it cou'd make any Defence for it ſelf: Now the Meaning on't is, If it had met with impartial Judges, it had never been Printed.

The Glories of our Birth and State, &c.

But to conclude; Having wonderfully ſhew'd his Reading in his Preface to his aforeſaid *Wits Paraphras'd*; in Scraps of old *Latin*; and at laſt, to his eternal Glory, one bit of falſe *Greek*; he is ſo far encourag'd, that he gives any Man a Challenge in *Chaldee*, *Arabick*, and *Syriack*, though he confeſſes he knows nothing of the matter: But, to try him, I'll leave him with this *Syriack* Hexamiter.

Erytit ut ælutap ſnabucer bus enimget igaf.

And to let you know that this laſt Verſe, though ſomething rough, is not the effect of Indignation, I part friendly; only with this Advice, That our *Paraphraſer* would conſider, and follow any other Employment, more agreeable with his Genius (if he have any) than that of Poetry.

The

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SAPHO to *PHAON.*

The ARGUMENT.

Sapho *was a Lady very Eminent for Singing of Ballads, and, upon an extraordinary Pinch, could make one well enough for her Purpose: She held a League with one* Phaon, *who was her Companion and Partner in the Chorus; but* Phaon *deserted his Consort, for the Preferment of a Rubber in the* Bagnio. Sapho *took this so to Heart, that she threatens to break her Neck out of a Garret-window; which, if effected, might prove her utter Destruction. Authors have not agreed concerning the Execution of her Design; but however she writes him this loving and terrifying Epistle.*

WHen these my doggrel Rhimes you chance to (see,
You hardly will believe they came from me;
'Till you discover *Sapho*'s Name at bottom,
You'l not imagine who it is that wrote 'em.

I, that have often ſung——*Young* Phaon *ſtrove*,
Now ſing this doleful Tune——*Farewel, my Love*;
I muſt not ſing new Jiggs——the more's the pity,
But muſt take up with ſome old mournful Ditty.
You in the *Bagnio* have a Place, I hear;
I in my Garret ſweat as much, with Fear:
You can rub out a Living well enough,
My Rent's unpaid, poor *Sapho* muſt rub off;
My Voice is crack'd, and now I only houl,
And cannot hit a Treble for my Soul.
My Ballads lye neglected on a Shelf,
I cannot bear the Burthen by my ſelf;
Doll Price the Hawker offers very fair,
She'll ſing along with me for Quarter-ſhare;
Sue Smith the very ſame will undertake;
Their Voice is like the Winding of a Jack.
Hang 'em, I long to bear a Part with you,
I love to Sing, and look upon you too;

Beſides,

Beſides, you know when Songs grow out of faſhion,
That I can make a Ballad on occaſion.
I am not very Beautiful,——God knows;
Yet you ſhould value one that can Compoſe:
Deſpiſe me not, though I'm a little Dowdy,
I can do that—ſame—like a bigger Body:
Perhaps you'l ſay I've but a tawny Skin;
What then? you know my Metal's good within.
What if my Shoulder's higher than my Head?
I've heard you ſay I'm Shape enough a-Bed:
The Mayor (God bleſs him) or the worthy Sheriffs
Do very often meet with homely Wives.
Our Maſter too, that little ſcrubbed Draper,
Has he not got a Lady that's a Strapper?
If you will have a Beauty, or have none,
Phaon muſt lye— *Phaon* muſt lye alone.
I can remember, 'fore my Voice was broke,
How much in Praiſe of me you often ſpoke,

And when I ſhook a Trill, you ſhook your Ears,
And ſwore I ſung like, what d'ye call 'em—Spheres:
You kiſs'd me hard, and call'd me Charming Witch,
I can't do't now, if you wou'd kiſs my Breach.
Then you not only lik'd my airy Voice,
But in my Fleſhly Part you did rejoice;
And when you claſp'd me in your brawny Clutches,
You ſwore I mov'd my Body like a Dutcheſs;
You clapp'd my Buttocks, o'er and o'er again;
I can't believe that I was crooked then.
Beware of him, you Siſters of the Quill,
That Sing at *Smithfield-Bars*, or *Saffron-Hill*,
Who, for an honeſt Living, tear your Throat;
If *Phaon* drinks w'ye you're not worth a Groat:
And Ladies know, 'twill be a very hard Thing
To ſink from him the ſmalleſt Copper-Farthing;
Avoid him all—for he has us'd me ſo,
Wou'd make your Hearts ake, if you did but know.

My

My Hair's about my Ears, as I'm a Sinner,
He has not left me worth a Hood or Pinner.
Phaon by me unworthily has dealt,
H'as got my Ring,—though 'twas but Copper gilt;
Yet that which vexes me,—Th'ungrateful Pimp
Has ſtole away my Petticoat with Gimp;
H'as all my Things; but, had he left me any,
I can't go out alone to get a Penny.
Phaon, I ſhould have had leſs Cauſe to grieve,
If, like a Man of Senſe, you'd taken leave:
That you'd be gone, had I been ne'er ſo certain,
We might have drank a Pot or two at Parting:
Or fry'd ſome Bacon with an Egg; or if
Into ſome Steaks we'd cut a Pound of Beef,
And laugh'd a while, that had been ſomething like;
But to ſteal off, was but a ſneaking Trick.
My Landlady can tell, how I was troubled,
When I perceiv'd my ſelf ſo plainly bubbled:

I ran like mad out at the Alley-Gate
To overtake you, but it was too late:
When I conſider'd I had loſt my Coat,
If I had had a Knife I'd cut my Throat;
Yet notwithſtanding all the Ills you did,
I Dream of you as ſoon as I'm in Bed;
You tickle me, and cry, Do'ſt like it *Saff*?
Oh wondrous well! and then methinks I laugh.
Sometimes we mingle Legs, and Arms, and Thighs;
Something between the Sheets, methinks does riſe:
But when I wake and find my Dream's in vain,
I turn to Sleep only to Dream again.
When I am up, I walk about my Garret
And talk I know what—juſt like a Parrot:
I move about the Room from Bed to Chair,
And have no Satisfaction any where.
The laſt time I remember you lay here,
We both were dry ith' Night, and went for Beer;

Into the Cellar by good Luck we got;
What we did there, I'm ſure you ha'n't forgot:
There ſtands, you know, an antiquated Tub,
'Gainſt which, ſince that, I often ſtand and rub;
Only to ſee't, as much Delight I take
As if the Veſſel now were full of Sack;
But more to add unto my Diſcontent,
There's been no Drink ith' Cellar ſince you went.
There's nothing but affords me Miſery,
My Linnet in the Cage I fear will dye:
The Bird is juſt like me in ev'ry Thing;
Like me it pines, like me it cannot ſing.
Now *Phaon*, pray take Notice what I ſay,
If you don't bring the Things you took away;
You know my Garret is four Stories high;
From thence I'll leap, and in the Streets I'll die:
May be you will refuſe to come—Do—do,
Y'had beſt let *Sapho* break her Neck for you.

Your afflicted Conſort, Sapho.

Phillis to *Demophoon*:

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon *was born in* Holland, *who took after his Father* Theſeus, *pretending to the Art of Piracy; he was caſt upon* Newcaſtle-Shore *by adverſe Winds (as the* Dutch *Commentators ſay) but we are inform'd he came hither by his own choice. No ſooner arriv'd, but he heard that one* Phillis, *a ſingle Woman, kept an Inn in the Town; There he took up his Quarters:* Phillis *obſerving him as a luſty Younker, and though his outward Habiliments were not very tempting; yet his Perſon perſuaded her ſo far, that ſhe Married him, and entruſted him with all. After ſome time, he told his Wife that his Occaſions call'd him into* Holland *to ſee his Father, who he ſaid was a Man of mighty Subſtance; He promiſed to Return within a Month, but hath not been heard of ſince. Therefore ſhe writes to him this Letter; but whether it came to his Hands or no, hath been a Queſtion to this Day.*

YOur Abſence does diſcover your Diſdain,
You've done enough to make a Stone compalain:

You

You told me you would ſtay a Month,—no more;
But by my Nature I do find 'tis Four.
I, who am Woman, and a Lover too,
Obſerve the change of Moons, much more than you;
Indiſpoſition in the Head, or Back,
Informs our Sex beyond an Almanack.
Sometimes I hop'd—but ſoon that Hope did ſink;
Sometimes I thought---I knew not what to think.
I made my ſelf a Liar——notwithſtanding
There was no Ship—I ſwore I ſaw you Landing.
Some Curſes on your Father I beſtow,
That old *Dutch* Rogue, think I, won't let him go;
But then again, that cannot likely ſeem,
The Maggot bites—you're gone away from him;
What if you ſhould be wrack't when hither bound?
No,—you're too great a Villian to be drown'd.
Whom ſhall I blame? whom but thy ſelf--fond *Philly*?
Wh' haſt liv'd now Thirty Years, and art ſo ſilly.

When

When first you did within my Doors set footing,
I fell in Love,—forsooth—A Pox of Rutting;
The Devil sure will have the Doctor *Hymen*,
Who told me, that his business was to try—men:
He did believe—you'd prove an honest Man.
Marry 'im, said he, with all the speed you can;
The Good old Man, his Substance to increase,
Would match a Hell-hound to a Saint for Fees:
You swore such dreadful Oaths as ne'er were heard,
By th' *Belgick* Lyon, and the Prince's Beard;
By *Opdam*'s Ghost, and by the Dragon's Tail,
B' your Father's Head, and Mother's Farthingale;
By the great Cannons, and the Bloody Flag,
And by the *Hogans Mogans* of the *Hague*;
Your Execrations put m' in such a Fright,
That all the Hair about me stood upright:
If on your Head these Curses fall you've nam'd,
I must conclude, that certainly y'are damn'd.

Hearing

Hearing ſuch bloody Oaths, you would not ſtay,
I made all haſte I could to get y'away;
I furniſh'd you with all I cou'd afford,
Bisket and Powder'd Beef I put aboard;
A Flask of Brandy to your Girdle hung,
Better I'm ſure was never tipt o'er Tongue:
And when I patch'd your Sails with ancient Smock,
I thought they wou'd have brought me home good Luck;
But ſtead of that—ſuch was my Fatal Hap,
I prov'd the Inſtrument of your Eſcape.
When you came hither in a low Condition,
Did I not ſtuff your Gut with good Proviſion:
The Suit y'had on was deſtitute of Stitches,
I gave you then my Brother's Coat and Breeches;
But as for that—Pox on't—I'll ne'er repent it,
What you had wanted, I had then preſented;
If you had never paid—here's none would ſtop ye;
But I muſt be your Wife too——like a Puppy:

I wiſh to God, that very Day we met,
That into Goal I had been thrown for Debt;
Then if I'd ask'd the Queſtion——you'd have ſaid,
Thank you, forſooth, I'm not in haſte to Wed.
Well, well! Myn Hier! y've caught me now 'tis true,
I hope I am the laſt you will undoe.
The *Dutch* by Paint deſcribe each others Lives,
And draw their Neighbours Actions, and their (Wives:
They'l draw your Father as ſome petty Pirate,
Doing ſmall things, which People won't admire at.
He has been Rogue enough, but done no Wonders,
H'as robb'd a Fiſherman of Eels and Flounders:
Perhaps he's drawn making a Sailor drunk,
Diving in's Pockets——to equip his Punk;
Theſe are but Trifles to what you have done,
The Father's but a Coxcomb—to the Son:
You ſhall be Drawn, firſt in your tatter'd Cloaths,
Humbly complaining, full of Lies and Oaths;

And

And then you ſhall be Rigg'd from Head to Foot,
And from your Mouth this Label ſhall come out;
"Poor *Phillis*, of *Newcaſtle* upon *Tyne*——
"'Twas I that ruin'd—now you ſee, I'm fine.
What muſt I do? I have not Trading here,
And all my Neighbours do but laugh and fleer;
One cryes, Where is your Husband *Demo*——foe?
For your right Name, not one of 'em does know;
Another cryes out——Hey! for *Amſterdam*;
What! Was'a *Dutchman*, *Phillis*——or a Sham?
Thus (as they ſay) they throw you in my Diſh;
Wou'd I cou'd have you here but with a Wiſh,
For theſe Rogues ſake; 'twould be good ſport to ſee
How well you wou'd belabour two or three;
Then they'd change Tone, and cry—God bleſs ye both,
You are a handſom Couple, by my Troth:
No——'tis in vain to hope that you'l return,
I muſt continue, as I am, their Scorn.

But

But yet I can't forget the parting Day,
I thought you wou'd have hugg'd your Breath away;
At laſt you ſpoke--'twas this confounded Lye,
Phil, in a Month this o'er again we'll try;
But I believe that Trick you're trying now
With ſome tun-belly'd *Rotterdam*——*Ufroe*:
If *Phillis* ſhou'd be talk'd on by the *Dutch*,
You'l ſay you never heard of any ſuch.
Phillis! Who's ſhe? Where does this *Phillis* dwell?
If you dont know, *Demophoon*, I'll tell;
"This is *Newcaſtle-Phillis*, ſhe that did
"Once entertain you, Sir, at Board and Bed.
"Some ſmall Remembrance *Phillis* hath deſerv'd,
"Had not this *Phillis* been, you might have ſtarv'd;
"She gave you Mony, like a fooliſh Elf;
"At laſt this *Phillis* gave away her—Self.
I am that *Phillis*, if I had my due,
That ſhou'd have Hang'd my ſelf for Loving you:

It will not be too late to do it ſtill,
And if I'm in a humour, 'faith I will.
Then on my Grave let theſe few Lines be writ,
Which *Phillis* made her ſelf in Moody fit.

Here Phillis *lyes;*
Had ſhe been wiſe,
S'had Wed a Neighb'ring Scotchman;
And then ſhe might,
Have liv'd in ſpight
Of any Drunken Dutchman.

Hyperm-

Hypermneſtra to *Linus.*

The ARGUMENT.

There was lately a Gang of Engliſh *Highway-men, all of 'em having Wives or Whores in* London. *Now the only means to detect 'em, was by bribing their Women. In order to which the Keeper of* Newgate *went to 'em all, promiſing them very fairly, and withal uſing Arguments how ſerviceable they wou'd be to their Country, in diſcovering them; which they might eaſily do, when they came home to Bed. The Women were eaſily perſuaded, and one Night order'd the Keeper to be there at ſuch a time, who ſeized them all; but* Linus *was præadmoniſhed by his Wife* Hypermneſtra, *ſo he eſcap'd away in her Cloaths; She bore the brunt in his Apparel, and was taken (ſuppoſed to be a Man) and Committed to* Newgate, *and put into Irons. The reſt of the Theives were Hang'd, her Trial was reſpited, being not known who ſhe was.* Hypermneſtra *ſends him this Letter.*

TO thee poor *Hypermneſtra* now complains,
Such is the Torture of my Iron Chains:

Shall

Shall it be call'd in Law, a Crime ſo heinous,
For being juſt to my own Husband *Linus?*
Let 'em Torment me on, I do not care,
I'll not tell who I am, nor where you are;
If they ſhou'd Hang me up inſtead of you,
To the laſt Gaſp I ſwear I will be true;
I long to be reveng'd on thoſe curs'd Wives,
That did betray their Friends and Husbands Lives.
Such Men were not in *England* to be found,
They'd bid the Devil ſtand, on any Ground;
And all the Prizes that they got, they ſpent
Upon theſe Whores; yet they were not content.
Think on that Night we did together Sup,
When all the Company were Cock-a-hoop;
That fatal Night you all came from the Pad,
Your Booty very large, your Hearts were glad:
Though in my ſad Condition, 'tis not proper;
Yet, I can well remember all the Supper:

A ſtately Loin of Veal began the Feaſt,
I help'd you half the Kidney at the leaſt;
Four Turkey-Pullets came next, you wiſh'd they'd (been
Four *Turkey* Merchants upon *Mile-End-Green*.
Roaſted young Ducks, and Chickens fricazeed;
There was more Meat than we cou'd eat indeed:
Wine in abundance----I drank none but Sack,
But all you Men did ply it with Pontack:
To th' top you fill'd a Glaſs, and drank to th' beſt-
The Health, as you began it, ſeem'd a Jeſt;
I took't in earneſt to my ſelf, and knew
That I ſhou'd prove the beſt of Wives to you.
By Two a Clock you Men were almoſt Drunk,
Then each to bed went to his Spouſe or Punk;
If they were all as kind as you to me,
Never was ſuch a Night of Lechery:
At laſt you ſleep ſecurely, without warning
Of the ſtrange Alterations in the Morning.

I knew betimes the Keepers wou'd be there,
And all the Night I ſweat, 'tween Sport and Fear:
At laſt I roſe, and 'bout the Room I walk'd,
And thus at Random to my ſelf I talk'd;
Have I not ſworn a Thouſand Oaths at leaſt,
That I'd betray my Husband with the reſt?
What muſt I do? 'Tis true, I am his Wife,
What! muſt I damn my Soul to ſave his Life?
Hang all the Oaths in Chriſtendom, ſaid I;
He is my Husband, and he muſt not die.
With that I drew your Breeches on in haſte,
The Codpiece was ſo big, I was amaz'd;
I walk'd into your Coat, hanging on Peg,
I loſt my Head within your Perewig:
Having put on your Armour Cap-a-pee,
For by the Weight, ſuch was your Cloaths to me;
You reach'd your Arm acroſs—had I been there,
You wou'd have had the other Bout, I fear;

I pull'd the Sheet and Blanket from the Bed,
I plainly then perceiv'd, 'twas as I ſaid:
Riſe, *Linus*, Riſe, ſaid I, be very quick;
This is no time for any wanton Trick;
You're all betray'd——The Conſtable's at Door,
You muſt not ſtay a Minute of an Hour.
I ſhuffled on my Cloaths upon your Back,
They did not fit——I heard my Mantoe crack.
No ſooner were you gone, but in they bounc'd;
They ſeiz'd on me, and ſwore I ſhou'd be trounc'd:
And here they have me faſt with Bolt and Lock;
They know not yet that I have on a Smock.
Now you are ſafe, and I am here, dear *Linus*
Let's ſeriouſly diſcourſe th' Affair between us:
If all the Truth to them I ſhould diſcover,
What can they ſay? 'Twas acted like a Lover;
I may be ſent to *Bridewel*, there they'll bang me,
But all the Law in *England* cannot hang me.

While I lye here——I am in little Eaſe,
But when all's told, what ſhall I do for Fees?
If you don't uſe ſome Means to get me freed,
Within few Days you'l hear that I am Dead;
And then 'tis like they'll bury me; if ſo
Upon my Grave this Epitaph beſtow:

Here lies a Wife, who, rather than ſhe'd fail
To ſave her Husband's Life, dy'd in a Jayl.

My Irons load me ſo, I'm fit to cry;
I wou'd write more, but cannot; ſo God b'ye.

HERMIONE to *ORESTES.*

The ARGUMENT.

Hermione *was the Daughter of* Menelaus *and* Helen: *Her Mother ran away with a young Fellow, one* Paris, *they went together beyond the Seas. Her Husband, who lov'd her well, purſu'd 'em, and after many Years found his Wife, and reſcu'd her from her Gallant, and without any Reſentment of the Injury took her again. During their Abſence, their Daughter (who had an Eſtate left her by her Unkle) was committed to the Cuſtody of her Grand-father, who marry'd her to a School-fellow and Couſin-German of hers, by name* Oreſtes. *Her Father brought home with him one* Pyrrhus, *a wild young Fellow, to whom he Marry'd her again, taking no notice of the firſt Match. She, ſilly harmleſs Girl, wonders at the Deſign, and to her Husband* Oreſtes *writes this innocent Letter.*

TO thee I write, my dear and only Cuz,
Nor will I be afraid to call thee Spouſe;
Though here's a Fellow come reſolv'd to ſwear
I am his Wife, and he will make't appear;

He looks ſometimes, as if he long'd to eat me,
Sometimes he looks ſo gruff, as if he'd beat me:
He ſays he is *Achilles* Son and Heir,
And bids me diſobey him, if I dare;
He kiſſes me ſo hard, the ſtrongeſt Man,
He gets a top of me do what I can;
With all my Strength my Legs together join,
But with one Knee he'll open both of mine.
I call him Rogue and Raſcal, filthy Sot,
And all the beaſtly Names I can get out:
I'm Marry'd, Sirrah, therefore don't miſtake it,
I have a Husband that will thwack your Jacket:
Yet that's all one, he cares not what is ſaid;
But by the Hair he drags me into Bed.
They talk of Girls, forc'd by unruly Men,
They can't be forc'd ſo much as I have been:
Yet all this while *Oreſtes* comes not near me,
I am afraid you do not love your *Hermey*;

You'll fight for Mony, as you'd fight for Life,
And won't you fight a little for your Wife?
One while my Father miſt my Mother. *Helen*,
Lord! there was ſuch a Noiſe, and ſuch a Yelling,
He rais'd up all the People in our Lane,
And ne'er was quiet, 'till ſhe came again.
I wou'd not have you make a Noiſe for me,
But come and kill this Fellow quietly;
Give him a good ſound Blow, and never fear Man,
It is for me, your Wife and Couſin-German.
You know my Guardian marry'd me to you
When we were both ſo young, we cou'd not do—
Now from beyond Sea comes my Father huffing,
And will needs marry me to this ſame Ruffian;
He vapours here about his Country Blood,
I gueſs your *Engliſh* Family's as good:
He ſays, you've led a very wicked Life,
And that you broke your Mother's Heart with Grief.

For

For talking ſo of you, I'd ſlit his Tongue,
And pull his Eyes out too, if I were ſtrong.
'Tis ſomething ſtrange, we're of a Generation
Where Raviſhing has been a mighty Faſhion:
My Grand-mother was Raviſh'd by one *Swan*,
A little Couſin by another Man:
My Mother has been Raviſh'd once or twice;
And I am Raviſh'd now by her Advice.
Muſt I with ſuch a Rogue as this be Match'd?
A more unlucky Girl was never hatch'd.
My Mother left me here a little Wench,
Juſt big enough to clamber on a Bench;
She was ſtark mad for that young Fellow—*Paris*,
And after him ſhe danc'd the new Fagaries:
My Father for his Life cou'd not forbear,
But ran a Catter-wawling after her:
Now they're come Home, but with ſuch alter'd (Looks,
As if they were ſome ſtrange Outlandiſh Fo'kes.

My

My Father has a Beard below his Band,
I did not know my Mother, she's so tann'd:
Toward my Good, what did she ever do?
When she was gone, I learn'd to Knit and Sew;
I use my Needle now as well's another,
But 'tis no God-a-mercy to my Mother:
When she came in, she knew not who I was;
This Girl, said she, is grown a strapping Lass,
She must be Marry'd, or she'll grow too busie;
Look here, I've brought thee home a Husband, (Husly;
With that he threw his Paws about my Neck;
Kill him, *Orestes*, or my Heart will break:
I draw the Curtains when he's fast asleep,
And out of Bed, soon as 'tis Day, I leap;
But I do toss and tumble all Night long,
As if by Bugs and Pismires I'd been stung:
Sometimes, when I'm asleep, by chance there lies
One of my Hands squeez'd close between his Thighs;

I ſnatch't away as ſoon as e'er I wake,
With as much ſpeed, as if I had felt a Snake;
To t' other ſide o'th' Bed, I jerk from him,
And ſometimes lay one Breech upon the Beam;
Then after me, he by degrees will ſteal,
Pray Sir keep off, ſay I, I am not well;
He ſeems as if he did not underſtand,
And then he reaches out his haſty Hand;
I ſpeak as plainly to him as I can,
I tell him I'm not fitting for a Man.
Pſhaw, pſhaw! ſays he, I know you do but jeſt,
'Pon the whole matter, he's a filthy Beaſt.
For God's ſake, *Orey*, prethee-now contrive
Some way or other that he may not live:
For here I take my Oath upon a Book,
If you don't get me off by Hook or Crook,
That we may do as marry'd People may,
I'll either kill my ſelf, or run away.

CANACE to *MACAREUS.*

Lately Tranſlated out of

OVID;

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Macareus *and* Canace, *Son and Daughter of* Æolus *(a Trumpeter of the Guards) being from Children brought up together, at the laſt grew ſo intimately acquainted, that they made bold to lye with one another.* Canace *prov'd with Child by her Brother* Macareus. *She was Deliver'd in the Houſe; and the Nurſe contriv'd to convey the Child through the Hall when* Æolus *was ſounding his Trumpet, accompany'd with ſeveral Sorts of Wind-muſick; notwithſtanding that Noiſe, the ſhrill Cry of the Infant was over-heard by* Æolus, *who ſent it away to be left in the Streets, and expos'd to the Mercy of the Pariſh; and to his Daughter* Canace *he ſent a Halter, with this Meſſage,——This you have deſerv'd,——and you know how to uſe it.* Canace *hang'd her ſelf (as you may gueſs) before ſhe wrote this Letter.*

Before

BEfore theſe rude, diſtracted Lines you Read,
Believe th'unlucky Authreſs of 'em Dead.
Ever to ſee me more's beyond all Hope,
One Hand a Pen, the other holds a Rope:
My bluſtring Father's troubled with a Whim,
And I muſt hang my ſelf to humour him.

But when he ſees my Carcaſe on the Floor,
Surely he'll ceaſe to call me Bitch or Whore:
His puffing and his blowing will be in vain,
He cannot puff me into Life again:
His Mind is ſwell'd much bigger than his Face,
I am (he ſays) his Family's Diſgrace:
All his great Friends and Kindred are provok'd;
What are his Friends to me when I am Choak'd?
I wiſh that we had ſtifled one another
That Night I clung ſo cloſely to you, Brother:
Why did you love me more than did become ye?
It had been happy, if y'ad kick'd me from ye:

When

When firſt, with Pleaſure, I lay under you,
Would y'ad been lighter by a Stone or two.

At firſt I wonder'd what ſhould be the Matter,
I look'd like Death, and was as weak as Water:
For ſev'ral Days I loath'd the ſight of Meat,
And ev'ry Night I chew'd the upper Sheet:
I'd ſuch Obſtructions, I was almoſt Moap'd,
My Breath came ſhort, my——were ſtopp'd.

I call'd old Nurſe, and told her how it was;
She, an experienc'd Bawd, ſoon groap'd the Cauſe:
Quoth ſhe, for this Diſeaſe, take what you can,
You'll ne'er be well, 'till you have taken Man:
When I was Young, I thought I was bewitch'd,
I ſcratch'd my Belly, for it always itch'd.
The Truth I will no longer hide, ſaid I,
I muſt enjoy my Brother, or I die:
She tickl'd me, and told me 'twas no Sin,
Nearer of Blood, ſaid ſhe, the deeper in:

Both you and I approv'd what Nurſe had ſaid;
So, without more a-do, we went to Bed:
You in my Belly rummag'd all about,
To find this wonderful Diſtemper out:
Too ſoon 'twould be diſcover'd, was my Fear,
I could have let you ſearch'd for ever there:
But Nurſe can tell how I did ſigh and ſob
When we perceiv'd that you had done the Job.

I made th' old Beldam foot it up and down
To ev'ry Quack and Mountebank in Town,
For *Dendelion*, and *Camelions-Thighs*,
Spirit of Saffron mixt with *Vultures Eyes*:
I would have given all I had been worth,
T' have kill'd the Child before it had come forth:
But the ſtrong Rogue lay fencing in my Womb,
And did thoſe pois'nous Potions overcome.
Oh! when I ſaw the Ninth Moon in the Wane,
Then I was in the Full——of Grief and Pain;

Then,

Then, then my Throws came on me thick and thick;
I groan'd, but for my Life I durſt not ſhreik:
Until my Tortures came to ſuch a Growth
That Nurſe with both her Hands did ſtop my Mouth:
I ſhould have cry'd ſo loud, that ev'ry Neighbour
Would have diſcover'd I had been in Labour:
No Woman yet that ever wore a Navel,
Endur'd ſo hard and ſo ſevere a Travel.

I curs'd your Sex, and wiſh'd a Rot might come
On all the Stallions throughout Chriſten Rome.
At laſt you came; I knew you by your Tread;
I peep'd at you, though I was almoſt Dead:
T'ward me you ſeem'd to have ſome kind Remorſe,
But look'd, as if you would have eaten Nurſe.

You held my Back-Parts, you cou'd do no more;
Would you had never felt the Parts before.

Siſter, ſaid you, you ſhall not die this Bout,
We're both unlucky, but we'll rub it out.

To ſee what Words from thoſe we love can do!
(Surely the Child within me heard you too,)
For ſtraight he ſprang forth from me, and did ſeem
To make his Paſſage in a flowing Stream:
'Twas hard enough: But now's a harder Caſe,
To hide the Buſineſs from my Father's Face;
We did conſult how to deviſe a Way
Thorough the Hall our Baſtard to convey.

My Father in Wind-Muſick ſtill delighted,
And all the Gang that Night he had invited:
Fellows that play on Bag-Pipes, and the Fife;
The old Man always lov'd a noiſeful Life:
They all did Sound together after Supper,
And then to carry him off, we thought, was proper.

Nurſe in her Apron took the little Brat,
Swath'd up in Linnen, Ruſhes over that;
Quite through the Hall ſhe went her uſual Pace,
And, unconcern'd her ſelf, humm'd *Chevy-Chaſe*.

Juſt to the Door ſhe'ad ſafely carry'd him,
When the unlucky Wretch began to ſcreme:
His little Organ made a ſhriller Noiſe
Than all the Flutes, Recorders, or Ho-boies:
The old Man prick'd his Ears up, like a Hare,
And after Nurſe ran nimbly as the Air:
Whither ſo faſt, ſaid he, old Mother Trundle?
Pray, let us ſee, what have you in your Bundle?
Quoth Nurſe,—'Tis Miſtreſs *Canny*'s dirty Smock,
Men into Womens Secrets ſhould not look.

He puff'd away the Ruſhes from her Lap,
And there appear'd the little ſprawling Ape:
'Zounds, ſays my Father, What is here? A Kid!
My Daughter *Canny*'s finely brought to Bed?

He rais'd ſo great a Tempeſt in the Houſe,
I thought that Hell it ſelf was broken looſe;
He rag'd ſo loud, the Bed ſhook under me;
Methought I was in ſome great Storm at Sea:

He

He ruſh'd into the Room, and did diſcover
The bloody Symptoms of a Child-bed Lover:
Our Sexes Stains by him were here deſcry'd,
Which Women from their own dear Husbands hide:
With his own Hands he did deſign to wound me,
But that he ſaw ſomething like Murther round me:
The Baſtard in the Streets he did expoſe,
And what will be his Deſtiny, God knows:
The little Knave, with Tears, did ſeem to anſwer,
As who ſhould ſay, I beg your Pardon Grandſire,
Out went old *Trump*; I by his Looks could find
There was ſome Miſchief hatching in his Mind.

In came a Fellow of the *Bag-Pipe* Gang,
Whoſe very Whiskers ſeem'd to ſay, Go hang;
Before his Words came out his Tongue did falter;
At laſt he ſpoke, *Canny*, look here's a Halter:
Your Father ſays, 'Tis this you do deſerve;
If you'll not uſe it, you may live and ſtarve.

His moſt obedient Daughter he ſhall think me;
If I don't hang my ſelf, the Devil ſink me.

Since Whoring does produce ſuch ſtrange Effects,
Would I'd been born a Monſter without Sex:
Let my young Siſters all be warn'd by me,
And curb betimes inceſtuous Lechery.

This I requeſt of you, dear Brother *Mac*,
That of our wretched Child ſome Care you'd take;
If you can find him out, be not unwilling
Towards his Maintenance to drop a Shilling.

Let theſe my laſt Words be obſerv'd by you,
As I obey my Father's:——ſo,—Adieu.

ARI.

ARIADNE to *THESEUS*,

Lately Tranſlated out of

OVID;

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus, *an Engliſh Gentleman, and one who for his Diverſion admir'd Travelling*, eſpecially on Foot, *having ſafely arriv'd at* Calais, *walk'd on eaſily from thence to* Paris, *where he had not long been but he receiv'd an unmannerly Juſtle from a Cavalier of* France: Theſeus, *whoſe great Soul could not brook the leaſt Affront, reſented this ſo highly, that he challeng'd him, fought him, and after a long and skilful Diſpute between 'em, fairly kill'd him:* Theſeus *was impriſon'd in the* Baſtile; *During his Reſtraint he held a League with* Ariadne, *the Keeper's Daughter: And, though the Priſon was as difficult as a Labyrinth, (ſuch is the Power of Love,)*

ſhe ſoon contriv'd a way for his Eſcape by Night: and he, accompany'd with Miſtreſs Ariadne, *footed it back to* Calais; *where, both lodging together at the* Red-Hart, *he very unkindly took the Advantage of her Snoaring, and ſtole from her early in the Morning; and went off with the Pacquet-Boat to* Dover; *from whence he gently walk'd to* London: Ariadne *ſends him Theſe.*

NO ſavage *Bear*, no *Lion*, *Wolf*, or *Tyger*,
Would ever uſe his Miſtreſs with ſuch Rigor;
D'ye think you don't deſerve ten Thouſand Curſes,
For leaving me in Pawn at Monſieur *Forces*?
I wonder what the Tavern People think!
For here I ſit, and dare not call for Drink.
While by your ſide I innocently lay,
You might have taken leave a civil Way:
I was half waken'd from a pleaſant Sleep
By th' melancholy Sound of *Chimney-ſweep*:
I ſtretch'd my Leg, to find out my Bed-fellow,
But I could groap out nothing but the Pillow;

Thinking

Thinking t' have hugg'd you in my Arms ſo cloſe,
One of the Bed-ſtaffs almoſt broke my Noſe:
Theſ. Theſ. ſaid I, I hope you are not gone:
I might as well have call'd the Man i'th' Moon:
I rent my Head-cloaths off, *mortdieu! mortdieu!*
What will become of me! What ſhall I do?
I op'd the Caſement as the Morning dawn'd;
And then could plainly ſee that I was pawn'd.
With calling you I tore my Throat to pieces,
The Eccho jeer'd me with the Name of *Theſeus*:
To th' top of all the Houſe I ran undreſt:
The People thought that I had been Poſſeſs'd:
At laſt, I ſpy'd you in the Pacquet-Boat;
I knew 'twas you, or ſo at leaſt I thought:
Had you been walking, I had known your Stride,
And gueſs'd your Strut from all Mankind's beſide:
Both Seas and Winds muſt needs be kind to thee,
Thou art ſo like 'em in Inconſtancy.

I thump my Breaſt, I Rage, I Storm and Fume;
The Houſe deſires I would diſcharge my Room:
Quoth one o'th' Servants, Miſtreſs *Ariadne*'s
Paſt all Recovery, overwhelm'd with Madneſs:
Another crys, *Mam'ſell Com' portez vou'?*
Fetch me my *Theſ.* ſaid I, What's that to you.
When in the Boat I cou'd no longer ſee you,
Ten Thouſand De'ils of Hell, ſaid I, go wi' you.
They think I'm Drunk, I'm ſure 'tis not with Wine;
The Score's too large; and you have left no Coin.
Into a Corner I am ſometimes dogg'd,
And there I Cry as if I had been Flogg'd:
Sometimes I roul my ſelf upon the Bed,
And act thoſe Poſtures o'er that once we did:
To my own ſelf with Pleaſure I repeat,
Here lay my Head, and there I put my Feet:
I often call to Mind our am'rous Work;
Then here, methinks I have you with a Jerk.

Some-

Sometime they talk, that Ships are ſafe at home:
I liſten then, to hear if you are come.
Were I a Man, into the Seas I'd douſe,
And after you I'd Swim, and bilk the Houſe:
If I ſhould offer to run home again,
My Father'd keep me in an Iron Chain;
I have betray'd the old Man's Truſt for you;
I may go whiſtle for a Portion now:
When, for your Sake, I ſtole the Priſon Keys,
I little thought to ſee ſuch Days as theſe:
Oh! when you Love was mounted to a Pitch,
You hugg'd me as the Devil hugg'd the Witch;
You ſwore with Oaths moſt deſperate and bloody
The Queen of *France* to me was but a Dowdy.
I have more Whymſies than a dancing *Bear*,
Sometimes I dream the Conſtable is here:
And though the Waiters very often wheedle,
Yet I ſuſpect that they will bring the Beadle.

Again,

Again, I fear they'll ſpirit me away,
And ſend me Slave into *Virginia:*
I was not bred a Drudge from the beginning,
Except it were to waſh my Father's Linnen.
Either to Sea or Land I durſt not look,
To Heav'n I can't; you've ſtole my Prayer Book:
Your Valour made my Fortune ſo untoward,
I would to God that you had been a Coward:
Diſtreſſed *Ariadne* now complains,
Becauſe ſuch ſprightly Blood runs in her Veins:
They ſay we *French* are very Hot, 'tis true;
But yet our Sparks are Froſt and Snow to you:
Curſt be the time when you firſt learn to Fence,
(Though that does never alter Men of Senſe.)
I fancy in what Poſture you were found,
One Foot heav'd up, the other on the Ground:
As much of Warlike Grace you did diſcover
As any *Roman* Statue in the *Louvre.*

Methinks

Methinks I hear you ſpeak to th' Cavalier,
Sa! Sa! Monſieur, I have you here and there:
But now your valiant Acts are loſt for ever,
By ſneaking off, like a *French-Ribbon-Weaver*.
Had I not drank that *Brandy* over Night,
I cou'd have wak'd, and ſo have ſtopp'd your Flight.
Curſt be the Wind which was ſo kind to you;
Curſt be the Boat, and curſt be all its Crew;
Curſt may I be for truſting what you ſaid,
Curſt may all Lovers be that Snore in Bed.
Poor *Ariadne*, thou art finely ſerv'd,
Thy too much Love has brought thee to be ſtarv'd:
The Servants pity me, and ſay't's a hard caſe,
I've nothing here to pay 'em with but Carcaſe:
This Carcaſe too has wept out all its Juice,
'Tis grown ſo dry, 'tis fit for no Man's uſe.
Think, when you're rev'ling in your Cups at *London*,
That your Poor *Ariadne* here is undone,

And

And when you come where People do resort,
To hear your Travels told were pretty Sport:
With what rough Bit of Flesh you did engage;
You thought you should be killing him an Age:
Do not forget me when you tell your Tale,
Tell'em how I releas'd you out of Goal:
And how with you I stole on Foot through Alleys;
And, pray forget not, that I'm pawn'd at *Calais*:
And, when this Tale to your Companions told,
Imagine *Ariadne* Stiff and Cold:
When Dead, they'll bury me in some back Garden,
For I can't give the Parish Clerk a Farthing.
And 'tis for you I all these Sorrows prove;
So, Mr. *Theseus*, thank you for your Love:

LEAN-

LEANDER to *HERO.*

The ARGUMENT.

Leander *an Uſher of a School, and chief Poet of* Richmond, *having contracted a more than ordinary Acquaintance with Miſtreſs* Hero *of* Twitnam, *a Governeſs or Tutreſs to young Ladies; ſuch a reverential Eſteem had they procur'd to themſelves at each Place, that they could not conveniently meet without great Scandal; therefore the Uſher frequently Swam over to his Miſtreſs by Night, but at this time the* Thames *was ſo rough, that he was conſtrained to convey his Mind to* Hero *by a Waterman in theſe Poetical Lines, wherein Love and Learning ſtrive to outvie each other.*

YOur faithful Lover ſends this Bille'dou'x.
Stuff'd full of Love, but not a Word of News.
Believe not, I think much of any Labour,
Cou'd I have come my ſelf, I'd nere' ſent Paper;
The *Thames* is rough, the Winds ſo hard do blow,
I ſcarcely got a Waterman to go.

And

And if I wou'd have giv'n a Thouſand Pound,
This was the only Fellow to be found.
I ſtood upon the Shoar while he went off,
The Boat once gone, I thought 'twas well enough.
I muſt be careful whom I ſend by Water,
Our Family begins to ſmoak the Matter:
Juſt as the Letter went, I had a fancy
Came in my Head, I cou'd have made a Stanza:
Go Paper, go, and kiſs a whiter Hand,
That oft hath put *Leander* to a ſtand.
Methinks the Nymph perfumes it with her Breath,
And bites the Wax off with her Iv'ry Teeth:
Her Shepherd would be glad to be ſo bit,
Until th' aforeſaid Teeth together met.
But then, think I, thoſe Whymſies ſhe'll condemn,
The Hand that writes, ſhould rather make me Swim:
Bold Strokes in Poetry ſhe hardly blames,
But ſuch bold Stroaks ſhou'd be upon the *Thames*:

Methinks

Methinks it is an Age ſince I ſwam o'er,
I long until each Arm does prove an Oar.
Fully reſolv'd I came to'th Water-ſide,
And thought the Space between us but a Stride.
I ſaw your Houſe, and wiſh'd that I cou'd clamber
To your Watch-Light in the ſupremeſt Chamber:
I pull'd off Coat and Doublet twice or thrice,
But then I thought,—be Merry and be Wiſe.
Thus I in Verſe ſpake to the mighty *Boreas*,
Thou bluſtring Youth—pray tell me why ſo furious;
Tho' amongſt Winds thou art a great Commander,
Blow gently for the ſake of poor *Leander*.
I croſs no Sea (Here *Thames* is call'd the Sea,
Becauſe it doth with lofty Verſe agree.)
I croſs no Sea to *Aſia* or to *Africk*,
Upon th' Account of Sublunary Traffick:
Ingots of Gold! alas I do not ſeek 'em,
Give me my *Hero*'s Love, then *omnia mecum*.

Boreas himſelf does ſometimes leave off roaring,
And goes a Woing, I'll not ſay a Whoring.
For ſev'ral uſes you your Breath may ſpare,
Do not ſo fiercely move our *Richmond* Air.
But all was vain, *Boreas* was ſtill unkind;
I did repeat my Verſes to the Wind.
Had I but Wings, I'd ſoar above the People
And place my ſelf juſt now on *Twitnam* Steeple.
I well remember the firſt Night I Swam,
That happy Night I firſt to *Twitnam* came;
I put off all my Cloaths, with them my Fears,
And dous'd into the *Thames* o'er Head and Ears.
The Moon took care *Leander* ſhould not ſink,
And ſtole before me like a lighted Link:
I thank'd her for her Love, and thus did greet her,
As far as my poor Talent went in Meeter:
Ah gentle Moon, becauſe thou'rt kind to me,
I wiſh *Endymion* may be ſo to thee:

And as with him thou hold'ſt a private League,
With thy broad Eye, ſo wink at my Intrigue.
Under Correction to your Heav'nly Senſe,
Your Caſe and mine have little Difference.
A Goddeſs you love one of human Birth,
My Miſtreſs is a Goddeſs upon Earth:
Such ſort of Beauty as ſhe wears, is giv'n
Only to ſuch as do belong to Heav'n.
And if you are not of the ſelf ſame Mind,
Begging your Pardon, *Cynthia*, you're Blind.
With ſuch like Words I got near *Twitnam* Sands,
And nothing all the Way ſaw I but Swans.
At laſt I ſpy'd your Candle on the top,
Ay! now all's well, thought I, there is ſome Hope.
But when you put your Head out of the Cazement,
Then was *Leander* ſtruck into Amazement;
For two Lights more did from the Window ſeem,
Which made the Artificial one look dim.

Your Eyes, the Moon and Candle made juſt four;
I, like ſome Prince was lighted to the Shoar.
But you're to blame, when you perceiv'd me come,
Nurſe ſays, ſhe could not keep you in the Room,
But in your Shift you wou'd be running down;
You'll get ſome violent Cold, and then you're gone.
But to ſay Truth, thou art a loving Tit,
Thou hug'ſt me in thy Arms all dropping Wet:
I can but think how ſtrangely I did look,
When you put o'er my Head a Holland Smock;
And Hand in Hand thus walking from the *Thames*,
We ſeem'd the Ghoſts of two diſtreſſed Dames.
But when we came to Bed, we underſtood
We were no Ghoſts, but real Fleſh and Blood:
We did repeat more Pleaſure in one Hour,
Than ſome dull Lovers do in Forty-ſcore,
Becauſe we knew our Time was very ſhort,
We cou'd not tell the Number of our Sport.

Aurora

Aurora does from *Tithon*'s Bed eſcape,
Tithon perhaps would take the other Nap,
See her Poſtilian *Lucifer* before,
And now the Bus'neſs of the Night is o'er;
The Day appears, *Leander* muſt be jogging,
And home again among the Boys a flogging.
My well beloved *Amo* I forſake,
And to dull *Doceo* now I muſt go back.
A Subſtantive I'll always be to thee,
My pretty Verb *Deponent* thou ſhalt be.
If we were in Conjunction Day and Night,
Leander would not prove a Heteroclite:
In Grammar we make Noun to join with Noun,
Why ſhou'd not *Twitnanm* (Town?) join with *Richmond*
'Twou'd make one mad to think a fooliſh River,
Or any ſurly Winds ſhould Lovers ſever:
But hold *Leander*, let not Seas nor Wind
Diſturb the quiet Freehold of thy Mind.

When first I croſt—methought the Fiſh did gaze,
The Salmon ſeem'd to peep upon my Face;
I could hear Boatmen call from Weſtern Barge,
What Fiſh is that, methinks 'tis very large:
They'd call me Porpus, and they'd jeer and flout me;
But now by th' Name of Brother they ſalute me:
How d'ee ſays one; Good morrow t'other cryes;
I civilly return them, *Bona dies.*

The Fiſherman that bobs all Night for Eel,
Now ſays, Your Servant, Sir, I wiſh you well:
God ſend you ſafe on t'other ſide the Water.
I ſay unto him, *Salvus ſis Piſcator.*
I hope thoſe Halcyon Nights will ſoon return;
For want of 'em, does poor *Leander* mourn.
But if ſuch Storms in Summer time does hinder,
How ſhall I e'er get to thee in the Winter?
If I do venture in, and ſhould be drown'd,
I hope by thee my Body will be found.

Thou'lt

Thou'lt roul it up in Holland or in Bucram,
Then may I truly ſay—*Mors mihi Lucrum*.
But let not this poſſeſs you I am dead,
A fooliſh Whimſey came into my Head.
We ſhall have many pleaſant Nights between us,
I'll come and hugg my *Hero ore-tenus*.
Pray put theſe Lines up ſafe, for fear you looſe 'em,
In that warm Place where I would be, your Boſom:
And in a little time, diſpute it not
I'll come and juſtifie what I have wrote:
For when the Weather changes I'll not fail ye,
And until then thou—*dulce decus Vale*.

HERO's *ANSWER.*

Leander, thank you kindly for your Letter,
Though if y'ad come your ſelf it had been better;
I cannot reſt, I know not what's the matter,
I'm all a-fire, to have you croſs the Water.
We Women, when we've any thing to do,
Are ten times more deſirous of't than you;
Having diſmiſt your little Boys from School,
You can walk out i'th' Ev'ning when 'tis cool;
You can divert your ſelf a hundred Ways,
I only ſtand upon the Shoar, and gaze:
You have a Green in which you Boul, or Bett,
And now and then three or four Shillings get;
Or to the Tavern, when you pleaſe you go,
And drink a Bottle with a Friend or ſo;

While

While I ſit moap'd—like a neglected Cat,
And now and then with old dry Nurſe I chat:
What's your Opinion, Nurſe, and tell me truly,
D'ye think the Wind to Night will be unruly?
What, will *Leander* come? or keep away?
Faith I don't know, ſays ſhe, 'tis like he may.
Such drowſie Anſwers I do ſeldom miſs,
D'ye think I han't a bleſſed Time of this?
Up to my Chamber, when 'tis Night, I get,
And in the Window is my Candle ſet;
Perhaps I read a Play, or ſome Romances,
I ſoon grow weary of ſuch Idle Fancies:
Then I peruſe your Letter o'er again,
And more and more admire your learned Strain;
Then I ask Nurſe's Judgment in the caſe,
But ſhe, old Soul's, as dull as e're ſhe was;
I make her ſtand upright (there I miſtake,
She can't ſtand ſo—for ſh' as a huckle Back)

I mean, I ſet her ſomewhere in the Room,
And ſhe's to act as if you juſt were come;
My only Joy (ſay I) thou'rt welcome hither,
How didſt thou Swim to me this ſtormy Weather?
Speak, let me hear ſome Muſick from thy Mouth,
Nurſe nods, and ſays—I'm pretty well forſooth:
Thus I beguile the Time 'till Morning peep,
Then I go into Bed, and fall aſleep.
And there I do enjoy you in my Dreams,
Spite of the Devil, or the rougher *Thames*.
Methought I ſaw you come ſtart naked in,
Wet were your Locks, and dropping was your Skin.
I with an Apron rubb'd you up and down,
And dry'd you from the Toe unto the Crown;
Then preſently we hugg'd with ſuch a force,
I ſhook the Bed, and wak'd and ſtartled Nurſe;
And finding it to be a Dream—no more,
I grew as Melancholy as before.

If in a Dream ſuch tickling Joys appear,
Much pleaſanter 'twou'd be, if you were here.
I don't know what to think; you us'd to ſay,
Ten Thouſand Devils ſhould not ſtop your Way.
Why ſhould the Danger at this Time be more?
The Wind blows hard, and ſo it did before;
But now I ſee which Way 'tis like to drive,
A *Richmond* Wench as ſure as I'm alive;
Ah! ſay ye ſo? why then it is for her
This Storm is rais'd, *Leander* cannot ſtir.
But hang't that cannot be, I'm turn'd a Fool,
Leander was and is an honeſt Soul:
As ſoon as I had ſaid theſe Words of you,
The Candle burn't not as it us'd to do;
Says Nurſe, there is a Stranger in the Light,
Maſter *Leander* will be here to Night;
With that ſhe took the Brandy-bottle up,
And pull'd from thence a very hearty Sup,

Says

Says ſhe—if what I ſay ſhould prove untrue,
I wiſh this bleſſed Draught may ne'er go through;
Therefore let's ſee you here to Night, dear *Nandy*,
Or elſe poor Nurſe muſt never more drink Brandy.
Perhaps you fancy you take double Pains,
And make too great a Treſpaſs on your Reins,
To Swim ſo far as you have us'd to do,
And after that to pleaſe a Miſtreſs too;
Half of one half I'd eaſe you if I cou'd,
And meet you in the middle of the Flood;
But from the latter Service never flinch,
I ſhould be loath to bate you half an Inch;
But after all, excuſing what I'ave ſaid,
Pray do not croſs the River Hand o'er Head;
I dream't laſt Night, I hope 'tis no ill Luck,
A Spaniel Dog was hunting of a Duck,
There were ſome Reads which under Water grew,
And more, perhaps, than the poor Spaniel knew.

He

He was intangled there, and there was found,
I came to help him, but the Curr was drown'd.
I do not tell this Dream to make you tardy,
But as a Caution not to be fool-hardy.
The Wind will ſoon be laid, the *Thames* be clear,
Then you may croſs it, without Wit or Fear;
Make much of this, for if you fail me, then,
By all the Gods I'll never write again.

Laoda-

Laodamia to *Proteſilaus*,

Lately Tranſlated out of

OVID;

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

In the War between England *and* Holland, *one* Proteſilaus, *an* Engliſh *Lieutenant of a Fifth Rate Frigat, being Wind-bound upon the* Downs; *his Wife* Laodamia, *hearing he was not gone off, ſent him this Letter; and, like a fond Wife, gives him ſtrict Caution to avoid Fighting.*

A Health to your Proſperity goes round,
And to your ſafe Return before you're (drown'd:
My Neighbour *Jackſon*'s Wife began it to me;
If I don't wiſh it, may it ne'er go through me:

We

We drink, and fancy to our ſelves in vain,
That the good Winds will blow him back again.
I hate the Noiſe of a tumultuous Sea,
Give me a Tempeſt rais'd by you and me;
A Storm in which all Parts about us ſhake,
When we can hear the Bed beneath us crack.
At *Graveſend*, when we took our laſt Adieu,
The parting Kiſs, remember, I gave you:
I, like a ſhitten Girl, began to cry;
I had no Mind, methoughts, to ſay, God b'w'y:
I heard Tarpaulins roar out, Hoiſe up Sail;
On Board, on Board; here comes a merry Gale.
In ſuch brisk Gales poor Women don't delight,
They blow away the Pleaſures of the Night.
As you went off, I could not bear the Loſs,
A Qualm came o'er my Stomach quite a-croſs:
Old Mother *Crump*, a very ſubtile *Croan*,
Saw by my Looks that I was almoſt gone:

A Pint of Brandy preſently ſhe brought,
And made me drink a very hearty Draught;
She ſhew'd her Love, but what great good has't done?
How can I live with Comfort now you're gone?
I wake, and find no Husband by my Side;
I often think 'twere better I had dy'd:
'Till you return, I'll ne'er be dreſt again;
I have not Comb'd my Head the Lord knows when:
A Glaſs of Wine ſometimes my Heart does cheriſh;
Wer't not for that, I fancy I ſhou'd periſh:
Becauſe I go ſo taudry, like a Punk,
Some, that don't know me, think that I am Drunk:
My Neighbours often tell me, Miſtreſs *Proteſ*,—
You go ſo ſtrangely, all the Street takes notice!
Says one, You do your Husband's Friends diſgrace;
For ſhame! Put on a Petticoat with Lace:
Why ſhould they think that I would wear a lac'd-(Coat,
When my poor Husband's in a Sea-man's Waſt-coat?

Should

Should I adorn my Head with Curles and Towers?
When a poor Skippers Cap does cover yours.
The Plaguy *Dutch*; that they ſhould break the (Peace,
And not ſubmit to us in *Engliſh* Seas:
Though, for my own particular, I ſwear,
If I could once again but have you here,
Let *Dutch* have Liberty fiſh and fowl,
I would not care a Farthing, by my Soul.
Methinks I ſee you now, and, by your Looks,
You are engaging with a Butter-box:
Methinks juſt now a Bullet did eſcape,
And hit my Neck, juſt in the very Nape.
But oh! I ſwoon, when I do think of *Trump*!
His Ships now giving yours a bloody Thump!
Bleſs us, ſaid I, Now you are diſpatch'd!
That Dog has been at Sea 'fore you were hatch'd:
For Heav'ns ſake avoid him if you can,
He's certainly the Devil of a Man!

If any Ship does make up towards you,
You may ſay ſure *Van-Trump*'s among the Crew:
There's not a Shot does to your Veſſel come,
But I receive the Pain on't here at home.
What am I better if you beat the *Dutch*,
And you come hither hopping on a Crutch?
How finely 'mong the Neighbourhood 'twould ſhow,
To ſee you ſtrut upon a Timber Toe?
To rout the Foe is ſome great Adm'ral's Office,
In theſe Engagements you are but a Novice:
Your ſingle Valour's nothing on the Sea,
Your Combat ſhould be Hand to Hand with me.
Would I were in the Fleet with *Trump* or *Ruyter*,
To them I would become an Humble Suitor,
And point out to them where your Squadron lay,
Directing them to ſhoot another Way:
I'd ſpeak t'em thus; Great Souls of *Amſterdam*,
Pray hear a ſilly Woman, as I am;

And let your Cannon my poor Husband ſhun,
He knows not to diſcharge a little Gun:
If you were Women, as you're Warlike Men,
He would perform great Actions wi' you then:
Your Fighting, Skirmiſhing, and breaking Bones,
Are only fit for Men that want their Stones.

Juſt as you were commanded to your Ship,
Remember, at the Stairs your Foot did ſlip;
Think on that Slip, and, when the *Dutch* are ſhooting,
Duck down your Head, as if you wanted footing.
I wiſh your Captain ſome good Coward were,
And durſt not bring the Veſſel up for Fear:
I wiſh to God he would not ſail too faſt;
You'll come too ſoon, although you come the laſt.
When you return, they'll ask how Matters ſtand;
I hope you'll know no more than we at Land.

All the Day long I ſmell no Scent but Powder,
Each Minute Guns go louder off and louder.

Moſt marry'd Women long 'till it be Night;
But, for my part, I hate the Thoughts of it;
Unleſs, by chance, I ſleep, and Dream of you:
Fancy's the kinder Husband then o'th' two:
And when I wake and feel the Linnen wet,
I find I've Wept for Joy upon the Sheet:
This to Enjoyment gives but half Content;
When ſhall we meet together by Conſent?
Oh, how I long to hear you tell in Bed
Some ſtrange Romantick Tale of what you did!
But when you find you can't prolong the Jeſt,
And, being at a *Stand*,—kiſs out the reſt.

Againſt both Wind and Tide why will you go?
You'd ſcarce come home if Wind and Tide ſaid no.
You fight, methinks, about ſo mean a Thing,
Which ſhould have Privilege of catching *Ling*:
Old-Ling I hate worſe than a common Whore;
(Would you lov'd Fighting with the *Dutch* no more:)

I eat it once, and that againſt my Will,
And ſometimes fancy that I ſmell on't ſtill.
But though thou art expos'd to Seas and Wind,
It is ſome Eaſe unto my troubled Mind
To ſee thy comely Picture in the Hall,
Drawn to the Life with Charcoal on the Wall:
I prattle to it as if thou wert here;
'Tis late, Pr'ythee lets go to Bed, my Dear:
Methinks thou ſay'ſt, I'll humour thee for once;
Thoul't work me at the laſt to Skin and Bones:
I kiſs the Wall, and do my Cheeks beſmear,
And ope my Mouth, as if your Tongue was there.
By all the pleaſant Poſtures of Delight,
By all the Twines and Circles of the Night,
By the firſt Minute of our Nuptial Joys,
When you put fairly for a Brace of Boys,

I do conjure you, have a ſpecial Care,
And let not ſaucy Danger come too near;
For when I hear that thou art knock'd o'th' Head,
I'll hold you ten to one that I am dead.

OENO-

OENONE to *PARIS.*

The ARGUMENT.

Paris *was the Son of* Priam *a Wealthy Old Citizen and Alderman of* London. *When* Hecuba *his Mother was big with Child of him, ſhe dreamt a fooliſh conceited Dream, which occaſion'd Old* Priam *to conſult* Lilly, *who told him, That* Paris *in proceſs of time would occaſion his Houſe to be burnt down. Therefore the credulous Alderman ſends him into the Country far* North *to be diſpos'd of as a By-blow. When he grew fit for Service he was entertain'd in a Gentleman's Houſe, where he contracted a Boſom-acquaintance with* OEnone *a young Wench and fellow-Servant with him in the ſame Houſe. His Father began to come to himſelf, and hearing where he was, ſent for him, and own'd him as his Son; but before that he had diſengag'd himſelf from Service, and ran away with one* Hellen, *who was Wife to* Menelaus. OEnone *being inform'd of all theſe Proceedings, writes to him this Letter.*

AFter my hearty Love to you remember'd,
Hoping you are not in Body diſtemper'd.

More than my ſelf at the Writing hereof;
If it be ſo, we are both well enough:
Your Uſage has been ſuch to poor *Oenone*,
That none but ſuch a Fool as I would own ye;
I hear you're run away with *Menel*'s Wife,
I pity her, ſhe'll lead a bleſſed Life;
What mighty Miſchief have I done, I wonder;
You'll never have a younger, nor a ſounder.
If by my means y'had met with ſome Diſaſter,
Had I procur'd you Anger from your Maſter;
If I had giv'n you that they call a Clap,
You'd had ſome ſmall Excuſe for your Eſcape:
But now you've had your Ends, away to ſneak,
Come! come! theſe things would make a body ſpeak.
You were not then ſo uppiſh—when you ſaid,
A Dutcheſs was a T—— t'a Servant Maid;
You were a Groom your ſelf, you know 'tis truth,
Not all your Greatneſs now—can ſtop my Mouth;

If

If you were able to keep Houſe you ſwore
You'd marry me, for all I was your Whore.
We were together on a Summers Day,
Both in the Stable, on a Truſs of Hay;
You can't forget ſome pretty Paſtimes there,
No body ſaw us but the Cheſnut Mare:
You ſaid ſuch glorious Things, the very Beaſt
Prick'd up her Ears, and thought you were in Jeſt:
But I did prove the verrier Beaſt o'th' two,
For like an Aſs I thought that all was true:
Soon after—you were taken from the Stable,
To wait upon your Maſter at his Table;
To undertake it you ſeem'd very loath,
Did I not teach you then to lay a Cloath?
There's no Man but muſt have his firſt Beginning,
Who learnt you then to fold your Table-Linmen?
Did you not often when the Cloath was ſpread,
Juſt in the middle put your Salt and Bread?

You have been threaten'd oft to looſe your Place,
Becauſe you knew not how to fill a Glaſs;
You pour'd in Wine up to the very top,
I told you you ſhould fill but to the Knob.
Did I not ſhew you how to broach your Drink,
And tilt the Veſſel when't began to ſink?
I was your deareſt Honey—all that while
There was not ſuch a Girl in forty Mile:
You carv'd my Name upon the Trencher-Plates,
And on the Elms before the outward Gates;
And as we ſee in time thoſe Elms encreaſe,
So will my Name grow greater with the Trees;
And any one that ſtands but at the Door,
May ſee *Oenone* (your obedient Whore.)
You never have been well, ſince thoſe three Maids,
Rather thoſe impudent and bold-Fac'd Jades
Differ'd among themſelves, which it ſhould be
That had the cleanlieſt Shape of all the Three.

To you they came when you were in the Cloſe,
The little Field that was behind the Houſe,
Stark Naked did they come from Top to Toe,
Paris, ſay they, we will be Judg'd by you.
Heav'ns preſerve your Eye-ſight, how you gaz'd!
Nor could you ſpeak a Word, you were ſo maz'd;
At laſt you judg'd, with many a hum! and haw!
Venus the fineſt Wench that e'er you ſaw.
This was a *Whitſon* Frolick, as they ſaid,
A pretty Prank to ſhew you all they had.
To ſee how naked Women are bewitching,
Since that y'have minded nothing elſe but bitching.
Soon after that your Project was of ſtealing
That over-ridden Whore, that Miſtreſs *Hellen*.
I muſt be gone a little while, you ſaid,
(Then was this Bus'neſs brooding in your Head.)
You kiſt me hard as if I cou'd not feel,
And ſwore that you wou'd be as true as Steel:

Said

Said you—Doubt nothing, for the Caſe is plain,
I'm prov'd the Son of an Old Alderman,
And ſent for home, my Father's very ill,
I muſt be by, at making of his Will;
Oh that we cou'd but bury the old Cuff,
Then marry you, all wou'd be well enough.
You may've a richer Wife, but not a better,
For I am no ſuch deſpicable Creature:
Not to diſparage your good Lady Mother,
I can behave my ſelf as well's another.
No Wife like me was there in Chriſtendom,
When you were honeſt *Pall*—Squire *Sheephard's* (Groom.
My Father's but a plain Old Man, 'tis true,
But's Daughter has been bred up as high as you.
He is an honeſt Man, whatever I am,
And may be ſav'd as ſoon as Maſter *Priam*.
Were I your Wife my Carriage ſhou'd not ſhame
Your Mother *Hec*,—tho' ſhe's a ſtately Dame.

What

What though theſe Hands have us'd a Drippin-Pan,
Yet on Occaſion they can furl a Fan.
Now on a little folding Bed I lye,
(Tho' in that Bed ſometimes lay you and I)
Yet I know how perhaps to hold my Head,
If I were carried to a Damask Bed.
If you had marry'd me y'had met with Quiet,
What can y'expect from her but Noiſe and Riot?
You now have caught a moſt notorious Strumpet;
Beſides 'tis known, as if y'ad blown a Trumpet:
Where e're you come you'll meet with Frumps and Jeers,
Her Husband too will be about your Ears.
In little time from you ſhe will be budging,
She'll lye with any Body for a Lodging.
When firſt of all we cloſely were acquainted,
(Which now it is too late, I have repented)
Caſſandra was a Gipſey in the Town,
Who went a Fortune telling up and down;

I gave her broken Meat, which we cou'd ſpare,
She'd tell me all my Fortune to a Hair:
You love (ſays ſhe) a Man not Tall nor Squat,
But a good handſom Fellow, (mark ye that?)
This Youth and you 'tis likely may do well,
If he eſcape but one—they call her *Nell.*
But if they two ſhould chance to lye together,
He'll break the Heart of you, and of his Father.
Who this *Nell* was, I cou'd not chuſe but wonder;
But now I know who 'tis—a Pox confound her!
I'll make *Caſſandra* Liar tho', in part;
You've vex'd me, but you ne'er ſhall break my Heart.
This very Whore I ſpeak on, ran away
With ſuch another Fellow t'other Day,
And when her Cloaths were gone, and Mony laviſh'd,
She came and told her Husband ſhe was raviſh'd.
I'm ſure I'm true, for here ſince you were gone
Have been ſome loving Boobies of the Town,

One of the Fellows ſurely is a Satyr,
He follows me, and ſwears he'll watch my Water:
We have a Servant come—pretends to Phyſick,
He hath a Cure for any one that is ſick;
He cures the Tooth-ach; if your Finger's cut,
A Plaiſter to it preſently he'll put;
Freckles i'th' Face he cures, and takes off Pimples,
H'ath taught me too the uſe of Herbs and Simples:
But I muſt beg my fellow-Servant's Pardon,
'Gainſt Love there is no Herb nor Flow'r i'th Garden:
For this Diſeaſe I muſt rely upon ye,
Come and live here again, you'll cure *Oenone*.

Penelope to *Ulysses*,

Lately Tranſlated out of

OVID;

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

There hapning a Rebellion in Scotland, *in that Army which went under the Command of the Duke;* Ulyſſes *went Voluntier. The Rebels being quell'd, the Army return'd home; but* Ulyſſes *lay loitring at ſome Inn in the Road; which when his Careful Wife* Penelope *underſtood, ſhe ſent him this Epiſtle; giving him an Account how Affairs ſtood at home.*

YOur poor *Penelope* admires that you
Should ever uſe a Woman as you do!

Now

Now ev'ry Soldier's at his own Aboad,
You, like a Sot, lye tippling on the Road:
You are not left behind 'em as a Spy,
T'inform, in caſe of ſecond Mutiny:
The Devil of Hell will have that Fellow ſurely,
Who firſt began this plaguy Hurly-burly,
Had it not been for this unlucky Fight,
Y'ad ſtuck to work all Day:—to me at Night.
Poor I muſt drudge at home all ſorts of Weather,
And knit,—as Heav'n and Earth would come together:
Twirling a Wheel, I ſit at home—hum-drum,
And ſpit away my Nature on my Thumb:
Thus while I ſpin, you, like a careful Spouſe,
Go reeling up and down from Houſe to Houſe.
Being you ſtaid ſo long, I did conjecture
You had been maul'd by *Sauny*, the *Scotch* Hector:
Old *Neſtor*'s Son, that Fool, ſtood juſt by you,
When's empty Scull, they ſay, was ſplit in two:

And

And, when he dropt, for all you are ſo ſtout,
You wiſh'd your ſelf at home, in ſhitten Clout.
Yet after all, *Ulyſſes*, I am glad
You are alive, though you're a ſcurvy Lad.

Our Neighbours here all Day do tittle tattle,
And talk of nothing elſe but Blood and Battle;
Were you at home, you could not chuſe but Laugh
To hear 'em Crack and Bounce, now they are Safe:
Perhaps when Three or Four of them are met,
And round about a Kitchin-Table ſet,
There's ſuch a Noiſe, a Clutter and a Din,
The Rebel *Scots* are routed o'er again.

Some with Tobacco-Pipes upon a Table,
Do valiantly demonſtrate to the Rabble
The Foes chief Strength; with that another Spark
Hamilton's Houſe deſcribes; a third, the Park;
Another ſpills ſome Ale upon the Bench,
And, with his Finger, learns you to Entrench;

One acts how fierce our valiant Soldiers ran on,
Diſmounts a Can, and tells you 'tis a Cannon;
Another cries, Neighbours, obſerve and look,
This Pot's Sir *Thomas*, and this Glaſs the Duke.
Thus while the Husbands draw this bloody Scheme,
The Wives, behind their Chairs, are in a Dream;
Nay, ſome of 'em (I queſtion whether 'ts true)
Do tell ſome mighty Deed perform'd by you;
That, being provok'd, you like a valiant Man drew,
And cut a *Scotch*-man's Luggs off by St. *Andrew*.

I'm ne'er the nearer, though they're overcome;
If you'll not mind your Bus'neſs here at Home:
For my own part, I would not care a Pin
If they were ſtill in Arms, and you in mine:
Pry'thee, come home; I cannot chuſe but wonder
What a God's-name you can be doing yonder.
By ev'ry Poſt and Carrier to the North
I've ſent more Paper than your Neck is worth:

I've ſent to *Hull*, to *Berwick*, and to *Grantham*,
I might as well have ſent a Poſt to *Bantam*.
Perhaps ſome Tapſter's Wife ſubdues your Heart,
Or elſe her Drink's ſo ſtrong you cannot part:
And, when you're Drunk, Lord, how your Tongue (does run,
That you've a Houſe well Furniſh'd here in Town,
In which your Wife (or rather, Drudge) doth dwell
As conſtantly at home, as Snail in Shell.
(But yet, when I remember parting Kiſſes,
Then, then methinks thou ſhouldſt be true, *Ulyſſes*.)
My Father ſays you're drown'd i'th watry Main;
The old Man jokes, and bids me Wed again?
His Counſel, like himſelf is ſtill unſound,
I'd rather he were hang'd than you were drown'd.
Every Day here comes a ſort of Fellows,
Enow to make a fooliſh Husband jealous,
From *Whetſtone*'s-Park, *Moorfields*, or ſuch like (Places,
Fellows with Cuts and Trenches in their Faces;

There

There are but Seven Fingers amongſt Four,
And here they domineer, and ſwear, and roar:
Two of 'em ſay, they have been vaſt Commanders,
The other trail'd a Pike with you in *Flanders*;
There's one of 'em, they call him, Merry *Robert*,
He, in a merry Way, broke up the Cubboard;
Here has been *Irus* too, that *Iriſh* Thief,
Wh'ath eaten up a Surloin of Roaſt-Beef;
What ſignifies my Father or my ſelf,
We can't ſecure our Meat upon the Shelf?
What great Defence can Nurſe or little Boy make
Againſt a Fellow with a Horſe's Stomach?
The little Rogue, your Son, was almoſt drown'd,
Padling about he tumbl'd in the Pond,
But we recover'd him with much ado,
I hope he'll prove a better Man than you.
In ſhort, if ſpeedily you do not come,
You will be eaten out of Houſe and Home:

The old Man's crazy, we from him muſt part;
And I have laid your Uſage ſo to Heart,
That I am grown ſo wither'd now with Grief,
I look—more like your Mother, than——

Your faithful Wife,

PENELOPE.

PHÆDRA

PHÆDRA to HIPPOLYTUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Theſeus *having made his Eſcape out of* France *with* Phædra—(*whoſe Siſter* Ariadne *he deſerted at* Calais) *when he came into* England *marry'd her, and brought her home to a Farm-Houſe near* Putney *in* Surrey, *which he Rented of one Mr.* Jove; *which Houſe during his Travel (or rather his Ramble) he committed to his Son* Hippolytus, *who was a great Hunter, a handſome Fellow, and a Woman-hater; for which two laſt Reaſons* Phædra *his Mother, after ſhe had acquainted her ſelf with her Neighbours and Houſhold Affairs, fell deſperately in Love; inſomuch that nothing would ſerve her but carnal Copulation with her Son-in-Law; to accompliſh which ſhe humbly entreats him by this Letter to conſider her Condition.*

TO you, my Lad, I ſend this am'rous Scroul,
Wiſhing you Health, with all my Heart and (Soul;
Your Mother, and your Lover does beſeech,
That with theſe Lines you wou'd not wipe your Breech:

Thank God, my Father gave his Children Breeding,
And taught us all, our Writing and our Reading.
By Letters Men have News, and Women find
Which Way and how their Sweet-hearts are inclin'd.
Thrice I reſolv'd to tell you all I thought,
But for my Blood I cou'd not get it out:
I juſt began to ſay——My deareſt *Poll*,
Then laugh'd, and turn'd aſide, and ruin'd all;
Tho' 'tis no laughing matter, for I own
I love the very Ground thou tread'ſt upon.
I'll tell thee, *Poll*, and mark thee what I ſay,
If Love thou ſullenly doſt diſobey,
Tho' he's a Boy, not half ſo big as you,
Yet Fairy-like he'll Pinch you Black and Blew;
On a full Speed your Horſe he'll lead aſtray,
And like a Hare he'll croſs you in your Way.
If he Aſſaults—you cannot beat him off,
Either with hunting Pole or Quarter-Staff.

H'ath

H'ath ſworn, (tho' to your Father I am Wed,)
To bind you faſt, and bring you to my Bed.
'Tis true your Strength is great, his only Art,
You pitch the Bar, and he can throw a Dart,
What need I uſe theſe Words? dear *Polly*—come,
Let us Embrace, your Father's not at Home.
You know my Reputation's very great,
Who'd gueſs that you and I ſhou'd do the Feat.
Oh how I'm ſtung, I have as little Eaſe,
As if I had diſturb'd a Hive of Bees.
I purr and purr, juſt like our Tabby Cat,
As if I knew not what I would be at:
When Young, I cou'd have cur'd theſe am'rous Stings
With Cariots, Radiſhes, or ſuch like Things;
Now there's no Pleaſure in ſuch earthly Cures,
I muſt have Things apply'd as warm as yours.
Where lies the Blame, art thou not Strong, and (Young?
Who wou'd not gather Fruit that is well hung?

Or who can call't a Sin when we have done,
Main't I have leave to hug my Husband's Son?
Suppoſe our Landlord *Jove*, that gallant Wight,
Had a Months Mind to lodge with me one Night;
Nay——if his Lady too ſhould give Conſent,
For you I'd quit him, though he'd quit his Rent.
Since you'll not hunt in this my ſofter Place,
Where I ſhould get the better of the Chaſe;
Since the large Fields and Woods you rummage (through,
Diſdaining my poor little Cunny——borough;
I'll follow you o'er Ditches, and thro' Boggs,
And whoop and hollow after all the Dogs:
I'll ſpeak to th' Hounds ſo well, Hey! *Jowler*, *Bow-* (man,
That none, but you, ſhou'd know I am a Woman:
I'll praiſe your Greyhound *Delia*, when you courſe,
She ſhall my Miſtreſs be, and I'll be yours.
Under a Hedge I'll ſquat down like a Hare,
And you alone ſhall find me ſitting there.

Some-

Sometimes upon a Horſe I'll get aſtride,
And after you, as I were mad I'll ride;
For all our Generation have been ſo,
When they're in Love they know not what they do.
You've heard that Miſtreſs *Europe* was my Grandam;
She went away with *Jupiter* at Random.
Paſiphae, my Mother, was ſo full
Of ſtrange Vagaries, that ſhe ſuck'd a Bull.
My Husband with my Siſter lay—or rather
I ſhould have told you that it was your Father.
Poor *Adne* was ſtark Mad for him, and now
I am (God knows) as mad in Love with you:
So that between the Father and the Son,
There are two Siſters like to be undone.
I never ſhall forget with what a Grace
You dreſt your ſelf in order for the Chaſe;
Your Viſage not too Red, but only Tann'd,
Of the ſame Colour with your brawny Hand.

An ancient Bever on your Head you put,
Like a three-Pigeon Pye, in Corners cut.
A little Jacket made of blewiſh Green,
Which had the Death of many a Badger ſeen.
Your Hair your own, which ſhew'd you not de-
(bauch'd,
Not nicely trim'd, for here and there 'twas notch'd.
I hate your Fellows with their powder'd Wiggs,
As m' Husband us'd to ſay, they look like Prigs.
You'd laſting Breeches made of Buckskin Leather,
To keep the fundamental Parts from Weather.
But when you reach'd your Hanger from the Bed,
Another Weapon came into my Head.
Not all your Days can give you ſuch Delight,
As half the Sport I'll ſhew you in a Night,
Delia's your Joy, *Delia* does you bewitch;
Can you neglect a Chriſtian, for a Bitch?
Cephalus, your Companion and old Crony,
Valu'd a Dog better than ready Mony.

He'd

He'd get upon a Horſe, though half aſleep,
Ready to Hunt before the Day did peep;
But when h'ad once taſted *Aurora*'s Sweets,
He found out better Game between the Sheets;
For then, unleſs ſhe pleas'd, he durſt not ſay,
(Nor did he wiſh) that it wou'd e'er be Day.
Why ſhould not we conſent to try our Skill?
I'm certain you and I can do as well.
Therefore dear *Poll*, I offer very fair,
Under *Barn-Elmes* I'll met you if you dare;
Since none but Country Sports can humour you,
I'll Wraſtle with you there a Fall or two;
Though o' my Conſcience I believe you'll throw me,
But if you ſhou'd, perhaps it won't undo me;
And when you have me down among the Trees,
You wonton Rogue, you may do what you pleaſe.
We'd no ſuch Opportunity before:
Your Father is at *London* with his Whore.

There-

Therefore I think 'tis but a juſt Deſign,
To Cuckold him, and pay him in his Coin.
Beſides he ne'er was marry'd to your Mother,
He firſt whor'd her, and then he took another.
What Kindneſs or Reſpect ought we to have
For ſuch a Villain, and perfidious Knave?
This ſhould not trouble, but provoke us rather
With all the Speed we can to lye together.
I am no Kin to you, nor you to me,
They call it Inceſt but to terrifie.
Lovers Embraces are Laſcivious Tricks,
'Mongſt muſty Puritants and Schiſmaticks.
Did not our Maſter *Jove* chuſe him a Miſtreſs,
Who ſhould it be but one of his own Siſters?
There's no engendring can be truly good,
But when we fancy that we're of a Blood.
Under the Names of Mother and of Son,
What pretty pleaſant Actions may be done?

All they will ſay, becauſe I'm kind to Thee,
I'm Mother both in Law and Equity:
Take Heart of Grace, be not afraid of Spyes,
I care not if there were ten Thouſand Eyes;
I'll leave the Door without the Bolt or Lock:
What if they ſaw us in our Shirt or Smock.
Nay I'll ſuppoſe we ſhould be ſeen in Bed,
What can there to our Prejudice be ſaid?
That you came wet and dripping from the Chace,
And I'd a Mind to give you my warm Place.
I did not think to've ſaid ſo much in haſte,
But Love like Murder muſt come out at laſt:
The Fort lyes open, therefore ſcorn it not,
But come with Speed, and enter on the Spot.
Let us imagine now the worſt can happen,
Suppoſe that you and I were taken napping;
And *Theſeus* ſays, Be gone you filthy Whore;
Away you Rogue, and ſo he ſhuts the Door.

What if does, why then for *France* with Speed,
We ſhall be there ſupply'd with all we need.
My Father dwells at *Paris* in good Credit,
And well to paſs is he, though I have ſaid it;
There he's as well known as Begger knows his Diſh,
We'll live as bravely then as Heart can wiſh:
Therefore make haſte, Dream not of any Harms,
Thou'lt be ſecure enough within my Arms.
When you go out, may you be ſure of Game;
May your Horſe never tire, nor happen lame:
At a Default may the Dogs never be,
May *Delia* bring forth Whelps as good as ſhe.
May you i'th' Field ne'er want a Draught of Beer,
Or Bread and Cheeſe, or ſuch like hunting Cheer;
While I ſit pining for you here at home,
When I have cry'd out both my Eyes you'll come.

HYPSIPYLE to *JASON*,

Lately Tranſlated out of

OVID;

Now BURLESQU'D.

The ARGUMENT.

Jaſon, *a* quondam *Foot-man, with ſome others, the nimbleſt of the ſame Function, join'd their Stocks, and purchas'd a Silver-Bowl, which they ran for from* Barnet *to St.* Albans; *but before the Day of the Match, one* Medæa, *a Gipſey, and Strouler in thoſe Parts, took a more than ordinary Fancy towards* Jaſon, *whom ſhe ſo dieted with new-laid Eggs, or what the Devil it was elſe, (ſhe being ſuſpected of Witchcraft,) that he won the Plate; and beat two famous Foot Jockeys,* Whipping-Tom *and* Teague: Hypſipyle, *his Wife, whom he*

he had deſerted, hearing of his good Succeſs, and withal, of his Love-Intrigue with Medæa, *cauſed this Epiſtle to be ſent to him.*

From So-hoe *Fields*, Feb. 27. $16\frac{79}{80}$.

Husband,

THE Neighbours in our Alley do relate,
That at St. *Albans* you have won the Plate:
How eaſie a Matter had it been for you,
T'have ſent poor *Hyp.* your Wife, a *George* or two?
Did I, when *Flannel* was both dear and ſcarce,
Make you Trunk-hoſe to your ungrateful Arſe?
I ſew'd ſo long, my Fingers ſtill do ake,
And, in all Conſcience, I deſerve my Snack.
I can hear ſomething, though I keep at home;
I hear, y'have beaten *Teague* and *Whipping Tom*:
You ran ſo ſwift, and ſtrong, the People ſay,
You bore down all that ſtood but in your Way:

Before

Before your founder'd Fellows could come up
You won the Match, and ſeis'd the *Caudla-Cup*.
I know, y' have been a Rogue, and done me Wrong;
Yet I'd hear this from your own flatt'ring Tongue.
But why ſhould'ſt thou e'er hope for that, poor *Hypſi*,
Since *Jaſon* loves a Bacon-viſag'd Gipſey.
As I was waſhing, th'other Day at Door,
There came a Scoundril, ill-look'd Son-of-a-Whore'
Who, jeering, ask'd if I were Madam *Jaſon*?
I'd like t'have thrown Soap-ſuds his ugly Face on.
Said I, I'm *Jaſon*'s Wife for want of better;
Have you brought Mony from him, or a Letter?
How does he do? is he not very fine?
Come, come, let's ſee, I'm ſure h'ath ſent me Coin.
Quoth he, By God of Heav'n, not a Souze;
He only bid me ſee you at your Houſe.
The Fellow told m' a Tale of Cock and Bull;
At laſt, I ask'd about your Tawny Trull.

He ſaid, *Medæa*'s your beloved Gipſey,
And that you're often ſeen together tipſey;
But, he believ'd 'twas but a Trick of Youth:
A Trick; ſaid I, the Devil ſtop your Mouth.
Would I'd been laſh'd and whipt the City round
That Day I marry'd thee, looſe Vagabond:
The Hangman in Diſguiſe read Common-pray'r
When we were match'd, a very Hopeful Pair:
Curſt be the Time I did admit you firſt,
And ſtrove to quench your everlaſting Thirſt:
What Plague poſſeſt me when I brought you home?
This was no Place to run with *Whipping-Tom.*
If I had taken but my Siſters Counſel,
Y'had never ſet your flat-Foot o'er the Groundſel:
She bid me exerciſe the Fork and Spit;
We'd then good Goods, but now the De'il a bit.
'Twas well enough a Year, nay, almoſt Two;
What Fury hath Poſſeſſion of you now?

Villain,

Villain, remember when you went away,
How oft you Damn'd your ſelf, you would not ſtay;
And ſmoothly ſaid, No Place ſhall us divide;
A Curſe upon your baſe diſſembling Hide:
I was ſo Big that I could hardly Tumble,
Yet I believ'd your Oaths, and durſt not grumble:
Said you, Dear *Hypſi*, know that I am Dead,
If I don't come before you're brought to Bed;
You look'd like Air, with Breeches cloſe to Thighs,
I fancy'd you'd be back within a trice:
When you were gone I to the Garret crept,
To ſee how nimbly o'er the Fields you tript;
As ſwift you went, ſo ſwift Return you'ld make,
But all this Haſte was for that Bitch's ſake:
Why do I rub my Windows, waſh my Room,
Expecting ſtill your Rogueſhip would come Home?
'Twould never vex me, if you were not ſeen
With ſuch a damn'd confounded naſty Quean:

A Witch, a Bitch, in whom the Devil dwells,
Whoſe Face is made of Greaſe and Wallnut-ſhells.
Maſter, quoth ſhe, e'er from this Town you ſtir
You'll loſe, (that is your Pockets pick'd by her.)
A plaguy Jade, who curſes Night and Noon,
And houls, and heaves her Arſe againſt the Moon,
Contemning her as Authreſs of the Flow'rs;
Railing at all our Sex, and Poxing yours:
No Childing Woman doth in Travel linger,
But tow'rds her Pain the Fiend holds up a Finger:
She'll ride a Stick; when Sow is brought to Bed,
The Pigs have no more Life than Pigs of Lead:
She, with the Mother, at a Door will wheedle,
And, in her Infant's Heart, will ſtick a Needle:
This I believe, what e'er of me you think,
Sh'ath put ſome Rotten-poſt into your Drink.
'Tis ſtrange, that I ſhould ſuffer all theſe Wrongs
From her, whom I would ſcorn to touch with Tongs.

You'll

You'll loſe the Name of beating *Tom* and *Teague*,
Whilſt with this Whore you do continue League:
Nay, ſome do very confidently ſay't,
'Twas by her Witch-craft that you won the Plate:
Some think her Devil, others, new-laid Eggs,
Made you ſo faſt advance your Bandy-leggs:
What can you find in ſuch a Punk as ſhe,
Who from a Dunghil brings her Pedigree?
My Father dwells at Sign of *Golden-Can*,
An honeſt Vict'ler, a ſubſtantial Man:
'Tis true, they ſay, he is a drunken Sot;
What then; i'th' Pariſh he pays Scot and Lot:
Old *Bacchus*, the Wine-cooper, was my Grandſire;
Let her produce ſuch Kindred, if ſhe can, Sir:
Her Children have been gotten in a Bog,
By ſome large pintled Wolf, or Maſtive Dog:
My Babes were neither got nor whelp'd i'th' Streets,
I labour'd for them 'twixt a Pair of Sheets:

That they are yours, I'm ſure you need not doubt,
For they're as like as if y'had ſpit them out:
Could they have gone, alone I'd made 'em amble
To your Apartment underneath a Bramble;
But I conſider'd how your Whore would treat 'em,
Nay, it is ten to one, the Hag would eat 'em;
Or elſe, perhaps, ſhe'd ſtick their tender Skins
All full of Sparables, or crooked Pins;
Since of her own ſh'ath Murther'd many a Brat,
Would ſhe ſpare mine; oh! never tell me that.
Methinks I ſee you and the Hell-born Toad
Engendring in a Tree that's near the Road:
Suppoſe you were purſu'd, as you're a Thief;
Where would you fly? where would you find Relief?
What if your ſelf and yonder Devil's Dam
Should come to me, and try if you could ſham?
Sure I ſhould make you very welcome both,
And entertain you nobly by my Troth.

I ſhould towards you make ſome relenting Heart,
But 'tis my Goodneſs more than your Deſert:
And, for your Fire-brand there, that loathſome Hag,
I would contrive the greateſt Pain and Plague:
Her Noſe being ſlit, to make her look more Grim,
Like a *Spread-Eagle* on her Face ſhould ſeem:
Her coarſe black Skin ſhould from her Fleſh be rent;
I'd run a Spit into her Fundament:
And, *Jaſon*, this thy Puniſhment ſhould be,
Thou ſhould'ſt eat thoſe, ſo oft have ſwallow'd thee.

But ſince it muſt not be, I am contented
To let my Spleen in curſing her be vented:
May ſhe all Suſtenance for ever lack,
Until ſhe takes her Child from off her Back,
And puts it in her Belly for a Nuncheon,
And for the Fact be thrown into a Dungeon:

May ſhe be burnt to Cinders as a Witch,
And you be hang'd for loving of a Bitch.

Yours, as you have us'd her

HYPSIPYLE.

For John Jaſon, *to be left at his Apartment, in a hollow Tree, between* Barnet *and St.* Albans.

PARIS

PARIS to *HELEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

Paris *had liv'd a great while in Obſcurity, at laſt being own'd by Alderman* Priam *a Rich Old Citizen, and receiv'd as his Son, he ſet up for a Gentleman; but very well knowing he could not be rightly accompliſh'd without a Miſtreſs, and hearing Fame ſpeak* viva voce *in the praiſe of one* Helen, *who liv'd ſomewhere in the* North; *he was at her Houſe receiv'd, and during the abſence of* Menelaus *her Husband, he endeavour'd to break his Mind to her; but being not thorough-pac'd in Gentility, his Modeſty got the upper Hand of his Inclination, therefore he preſently had recourſe to his Pen, and writes her this conceited Letter.*

FReely and from my Heart, without compelling,
I wiſh all Health and Happineſs to *Helen*:
For if you're Sick, I'm ſure to ſuffer Pain;
As I'm a Lover and a Gentleman.

I need not tell you that I'm off o'th' Hooks,
Your Ladiſhip diſcerns it by my Looks:
For you, whoſe Eyes have ſuch a piercing quickneſs,
May ſee I'm overgrown with the Green-ſickneſs:
So that upon the whole and perfect Matter,
I am your Servant, but I ſeem your Daughter.
I cou'd eat Wall as well as white Bread Crum,
But fear to eat you out of Houſe and home.
For this Diſtemper I've read many Cures,
But the ſole Power of healing muſt be Yours:
Your Holineſs (I cannot call you leſs,
That doth on Earth perform ſuch Miracles)
Your Holineſs, I ſay, within few Weeks,
May fetch a lively Colour in my Cheeks.
But if we are too long e're we begin,
I'm apt to fear it may corrupt within.
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, that makes me Toſs and Tumble,
And in my Entrails does like Jollup rumble:

'Tis

'Tis as impoſſible you ſhould not ſee't,
As 'tis to hid the Pox both ſmall and great.
'Tis Love, you know th' Effects of that Diſeaſe,
Therefore pray fall to Work when e'er you pleaſe.
If at theſe Lines you do not jeer nor jybe,
There is ſome Hopes you may receive the Scribe.
And, Madam, know, I did engage the Stars,
Before I durſt engage in *Cupid*'s Wars.
This is a grand Affair, I had been ſilly
T'ave ventur'd on't without conſulting *Lilly*;
To him I went for my own happy Ends,
And all the Planets he hath made my Friends,
But above all, the moſt pellucide *Venus*,
Hath promis'd there ſhould be a Job between us:
She knoweth beſt what's good for you and me,
She does command our Fates and Pow'rs, d'ye ſee.
Without her leave no living Lover ſtirs;
Paris, ſaid ſhe, put on your Boots and Spurs.

She did conſent I ſhould aſcend my Horſe,
And toward your Manſion bend my glorious Courſe.
Never by her was Riding yet forbidden,
Her Goddeſs-ſhip with Pleaſure has been ridden.
My Heart's upon the racking trot—alas!
But ſhe can bring it to a gentle Pace.
Next, Madam, know, your Sight was no Surprize,
I lov'd you by my Ears as well as Eyes.
Your Fame hath much out-ſounded the Report
Of the great Guns, at taking of a Fort.
I came not here to ſeek terreſtial Pelf,
I made this Progreſs for your heav'nly ſelf.
The Womb o'th' Univerſe if I ſhould rifle,
To your more ſecret Parts 'twere but a Trifle.
To ſee your ancient Pile I do not range,
We have more lofty Fabricks near th' Exchange.
'Twas for you ſake I ſpurr'd my ſtubborn Steed,
For you alone thro' thick and thin I rid.

You're

You're mine, what desp'rate Mortal dares gainsay't?
Sure I may take my Planet's Word for that.
I fain would tell your Ladiship a Dream,
If it would not too great a Trouble seem,
My Mother dreamt, when she with me was quick,
She should bring forth a lighted Fagot-stick:
I am that Fagot-stick, I burn a pace,
Oh quench me, Madam, in your watring—place.
I've taken fire at you, as a Match at Tinder:
Cool me, or else your Servant is a Cinder.
This was my Mother's Dream, I now design,
Under Correction, to relate you mine.
I laid me down to sleep one Summers Day,
Under the Shade of a new Stack of Hay;
For we poor Lovers, such is our hard case,
Are glad to take a Nap in any Place;
Three naked Ladies came, I well remember,
As naked as the Trees are—in *December*;

They

They told me they'd be judg'd alone by me,
Which was the moſt deſerving of the Three;
The firſt would bribe me with a Purſe of Gold;
My Judgment's neither to be bought nor ſold:
The ſecond offer'd me a tilting Sword,
Knowing I ne'er would take an angry Word:
But ſays the Third, and in my Face ſhe giggled,
With ſuch poor Toyes you're not to be inveigled,
But if you value me above the reſt,
Then know, young Man, you are for ever bleſt.
Within a little time you ſhall arrive,
Where a reſplendent Country Dame does live;
Firſt you muſt Court her like an humble Beggar,
At laſt ſhe'll yield, and you may lay your Leg—o'er;
The Prize is yours, ſaid I, you ought to take't,
I kiſs'd her lower Parts, and ſo I wak'd.
My Dream is out, for thus I do explain it,
You are the Country Dame, and ſhe the Planet.

Without

Without Delay I put on my Accoutring,
And with full Speed, I came to you a Suit'ring.
But juſt as I was putting Foot in Stirrup,
Drinking with Friends a parting Cup of Syrrup,
My Siſter came to th' Door, a mad young Laſs,
Her Name's *Caſſandra*, but we call her *Caſs*;
Brother, quoth ſhe, beware, beware, I ſay,
You do not meet a Fireſhip by the Way:
A ſtrange wild Wench, I hope ſhe did not mean
That any where your Ladiſhip's unclean;
Heav'ns forbid: Good Soul, ſhe meant no more
Than Flames of Love, as I have ſaid before.
Being arriv'd at this your decent Houſe,
Whom ſhould I meet but your Illuſtrious Spouſe?
He brought a Tankard out of good March Beer,
Cold Pork and Butter, and ſuch houſhold Cheer;
He ask'd—if ever I Tobacco took,
I ſaid I'd take a Pipe—but cou'd not Smoak;

He

He ſhew'd m' his Garden, and his fine young Trees,
His Barn, his Stable, and his Houſe of Eaſe:
I ſaid 'twas wondrous pretty—but my Mind
Still ran on what my Planet had deſign'd.
At laſt you came with ſuch a dazling Grace,
I thought the Sun and Moon was in your Face,
Lillies and Roſes, Pinks and Violets,
Your Looks were loaded with the vernal Sweets;
Your poor Adorer was in ſuch Amaze,
I vow and ſwear I knew not where I was;
Before I ſpoke I fell to private Pray'r;
" Planet, I thank thee for thy tender Care;
" Now thou haſt rais'd my Bliſs to ſuch a Pitch,
" I humbly beg, that thou'dſt go thorough ſtitch.
At laſt I ſpake, and bow'd in ſeemly wiſe,
And paid Obeyſance to your ſparkling Eyes;
Your Beauty's greater than your Fame did boaſt,
So is a May-Pole taller than a Poſt.

I've

I've heard, you once conferr'd your gracious Favour
On *Theſeus*, who was thought a cunning Shaver;
With him your Ladiſhip has play'd ſome Gambols,
Frolicks y'have had, and many pleaſant Rambles.
But, by your Leave, your Lover was a Clown,
For leaving your bright Eminence ſo ſoon;
D'ye think that *Paris* would have ſerv'd you ſo,
Would he have let Illuſtrious *Helen* go?
By *Stix* and *Acheron* your Servant ſwears,
Rather than part with you, he'll loſe his Ears;
When that Hour comes for which we both were born,
And ſoon 'twill come, or Planet is forſworn;
When we ſhall lye entranc'd—entranc'd I ſay,
Then if you have the Heart to go, you may;
Haſten, forſooth, haſten the happy Job,
For 'till't be done——my Heart will ſhout and throb:

'Tis very fit that you and I ſhould join,
Your Family's very good, and ſo is mine.
My Father fin'd for Alderman, long ſince,
He's now grown Rich, and lives like any Prince.
If you wou'd once make *London* your Aboad,
You'd hate a Village as you'd hate a Toad.
Oh how your Ladiſhip wou'd ſtare to ſee
Our City Dames in all their Bravery.
They've Petticoats with Lace above their Knees
Of Gold and Silver, or of Point *Venice*;
Cornets and lofty Tow'rs upon the Head,
And wond'rous Shapes of which you never read.
How ill a Pinner with a narrow Lace,
Becomes the Beauty of ſo bright a Face?
A fairer Face no Mortal e're laid Lips to,
And I believe there are not whiter Hips too.
Too white too mingle with a Husband's Thighs;
When I but think of that, my Fleſh does riſe.

When towards me ſometimes a Glance does paſs,
Your poor Adorer looketh like an Aſs.
For if I ſhould return you Look for Look,
I fear your Husband will begin to ſmoak;
And I'll be hang'd, if ever *Menelaus*,
By any am'rous Look of mine, betray us;
Were it not at your Table, I'd abuſe him,
For thruſting his great Paw into your Boſom:
That Watry Fiſt between your Breaſts does ſeem
Like a brown *George* dropt in a Bowl of Cream.
I'm mad to ſee him draw his Chair ſo cloſe,
And kiſs, and hugg you, underneath my Noſe.
Then I go out, pretending to make Water,
Seeming to take no notice of the matter:
To all true Hearts I drink a Cup of Wine,
A Health that does imply both yours and mine;

Then ſeeming Drunk, I tell ſome ſtrange Romance,
And lay the Scene in *Italy* or *France*;
Of ſome bright Lady, and her brisk—Gall—ant;
By which two Lovers, you and I are meant.
But, Madam, to write more of this were Nonſenſe,
My Planet has contriv'd the Bus'neſs long-ſince;
By curious Search I ſomething can diſcover,
'Tis in your Blood—you're born to be a Lover.
What think you Lady, of your Father *Jove?*
Shew me a Town-bull has been more in Love.
Your Mother *Leda* too, who gave you ſuck,
Has ſhe not been as good as ever ſtruck?
When ſh'ad a luſty Youth between her Thighs,
What d'ye think? would *Læda* cry to riſe?
Your Parents being as right as ever piſt,
If you ſhould be preciſe, you wou'd be hiſt.

But

But if you muſt be conſtant to one Man,
With me to *London* make what haſte you can.
There we'll provide a little Winter Houſe,
And you ſhall paſs for my renowned Spouſe.
By what I ſee your Husband does approve,
That in his Abſence here I ſhould make Love.
Or wou'd he elſe have gone,——under pretence
To buy a Horſe—a hundred Miles from hence?
The Bus'neſs ſeems to me, as plain a Caſe,
As is the Noiſe upon your beauteous Face.
To let you know that I ſhould be no Clog,
Did he not ſay, Love me and love my Dog?
Nelly, ſaid he, be kind unto my Gueſt,
And let his Entertainment be the *Beſt*.
I preſently his Meaning underſtood,
If yours be not the *Beſt*—then nothing's good.
You ſee your Husband orders our Affairs,
Therefore, dear Madam, do not hang an Arſe,

But let's away to *London*—*Crop* does wait,
Saddled and Bridled at the Garden-gate;
Crop's a good natur'd Beaſt—and carries double,
And will not think your Ladiſhip a trouble.
Strike while the Iron's hot, my Love is fervent,
Get up, and ride behind——

Your humble Servant

Paris.

HELEN's

HELEN's Anſwer to *PARIS*.

The ARGUMENT.

Helen *having receiv'd his Letter, at firſt ſeems wonderfully diſpleas'd at his Impudence, in attempting a Lady of her unſpotted Fame; who was bred and born in the Town where ſhe liv'd, and was never call'd Whore. At length the Storm's over, and ſhe Tacks about, giving him an Aſſurance of her readineſs to comply, but doubts her Gallant wo'not be conſtant. In plain Engliſh She's as willing as He.*

YOur Letter's wrot in ſuch a filthy Stile,
I did not think an Anſwer worth my while,
'Till I conſider'd you might offer Vi'lence,
And take Advantage of a Woman's Silence.
I'm ſure you have not wanted Drink or Food;
I wonder in my Heart you'll be ſo rude.

'Tis fine y'faith—becauſe you come from *London*,
You think a Country Body muſt be run down.
You of your Entertainment here may brag,
You were not us'd as if you had the Plague.
My Husband did receive you as a *Friend*,
And wou'd you to his Wife now prove a *Fiend?*
Perhaps you'll ſay of me, when you are gone,
Helen! a Lady!——*Helen*'s but a Clown.
I'll own the Name, ſince you can ſay no more,
I'd rather be a Clown, then call'd a Whore:
Yet for all that, though I keep Cows and Daries,
I can behave my ſelf as well as *Paris*.
Tho' I don't fleer like a young wanton Girle,
Yet you ſhall ſeldom ſee me Frown or Snarle.
Tho' you ſuch Breeding, and ſuch Manners own,
Let me deal plainly w'ye—I think you've none.
Or could you elſe believe me ſo untrue,
To leave my Spouſe, and run away with you?

Becauſe

Becauſe a Fellow once did pick me up,
You think I'm to be ſtoln by ev'ry Fop.
He knew not whether I was Man or Woman,
But you conclude from thence that I am common.
When he perceiv'd *that I was none of thoſe*,
He very fairly brought me to my Houſe.
And ſince I'm gotten quit of Maſter *Theſeus*,
Our *Paris* wou'd be nibbling too, God bleſs us!—
Though by my Troth I cannot blame your Love,
If I were ſure that you wou'd conſtant prove.
Dy'e think I ſhould not be in dainty pickle,
If I ſhould run away with one that's fickle?
You urg'd to me th' Example of my Mother,
As if the Daughter ſhou'd be ſuch another.
You don't conſider *Læda* was betray'd,
By one that courted her in Maſquerade.
She thought ſh'ad met a harmleſs Plume of Feather,
But at *long-run* he prov'd a Stallion rather.

His Family's the beſt in all the County,
All that you live by's but a Tradeſman's Bounty.
But that's all one, where-ever Love prevails,
Mony's no more than pairing of my Nails.
Sometimes I think you Love me when you look
With Eyes unmov'd, juſt like a Pig that's ſtuck;
And dabble with your Fingers in my Palm,
And uſe to call the Moiſture of it,—Balm.
If in the Glaſs I leave a little Drop,
You'd ſay I'll drink your Suffs—and ſuck it up.
Helen you carv'd with Penknife on the Gate,
AndI wrote *Paris* juſt a top of that.
Theſe are ſhrew'd ſigns of Love, and without doubt
You'd give a Leg or Arm to have a Bout.
Tho' you are not the firſt Man by a hundred,
That has ſeen me, and lov'd and gaz'd and wondred.
If you at firſt had come into our Town,
And courted *Helen* in a Grogram Gown,

When

When I was but a ſilly Soul, God knows,
You might have made a Bridge of *Menel*'s Noſe.
Now he commands in chief your Suit is van,
To all true Lovers Marriage is a Bane.
But why ſhould *Paris* for a Miſtreſs long,
Since in your Sleep your Fancy is ſo ſtrong?
You can ſee three ſtark Naked at a time,
And take your Choice of Beauties in a Dream:
Yet you left Honour, Wealth, and God knows what,
And all for me—a pretty Fancy that.
I know 'tis Wheedle,——but if all were true,
It is no more than I would do for you.
You gueſs my want of Skill, by being ſo plain,
For I'm not us'd to write to any Man,
Except t' a Millener, (my Husband's Cozen)
Who ſends me Gloves, and Ribbands by the dozen.
Well——ſince it muſt be ſo——let's be diſcreet,
Let not our Town take Notice that we meet;

For they ſuſpect already you're a Wencher,
There is not ſuch a Place on Earth for Cenſure.
Yet I can't ſee, why we ſhould be ſo nice,
I like you—by my Husband's own Advice.
I cou'd not chuſe but laugh to hear him ſay,
Pray Love your Gueſt when I am gone away:
And all the while that *Menelaus* tarries.
You are committed to the Charge of *Paris.*
The Charge! Let us examine well the Word,
Whether he meant your Charge at Bed and Board;
Why ſhould he not mean both as well as one?
He knows—how much I hate to lye alone.
In my weak Judgment, 'tis an eaſie Caſe,
You are in all Things to ſupply his Place.
But for the Maſter-ſhip you're like to tug,
Before you have me at the cloſeſt Hug.
'Twill ſeem to me, if you ſome Force do uſe,
As if I had a Maidenhead to loſe.

Lord!

Lord! how I write; if I were to be damn'd,
I cou'd nor ſay't—I ſhould be ſo aſham'd.
If I conſent, I'll hold you any Mony,
You'll ſerve me as you did your dear *Oenone*:
She hop'd ſhe ſhou'd be wedded in the Church,
Inſtead of that you left her in the Lurch.
But if we now were toward *London* jogging,
'Tis ten to one ſome Puppy would be dogging,
Or elſe ſome Neighbour on the Road wou'd ſtay us,
And ask me after Mr. *Menelaus*.
Or we ſhall hear the Country People ſay,
Would you believe that ſhe ſhould run away?
Marry not handſome Wives by this Example,
Since pretty Miſtreſs *Helen*'s on the Ramble.
I'm ſtrangely affraid of ſeeing Mr. *Priam*,
How ſhall I tremble when he asks who I—am.
Tho' for my Life I ſhall not hold from Laughter,
If *Hecuba* ſhould ſay, Your Servant, Daughter.

But

But above All 'tis *Hector* that I dread,
That *Hector* certainly will break my Head.
Who'd think you two from the ſame Mother came,
He's like a Lyon, you are like a Lamb.
Let *Hector* proſper with his ſenſeleſs Huffing,
'Tis *knowing nothing now* that makes a Ruffian.
While *Paris* ſhall be skill'd in Lovers Arts,
And dive into our Sexes Secret Parts;
Now you begin to think 'tis ten to one,
Your Suit is granted, and the Bus'neſs done.
But not ſo faſt,——conſult my Friend *Clymene*,
No doubt—you'll make the Bus'neſs up between ye.
I'm loath to ſay't my ſelf, ſhe knows my Mind,
And ſhe can tell you how I am inclin'd.
When ſhe informs you what muſt be tranſacted,
With too much Joy, I fear, you'll run diſtracted.

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